

# THE VIEW

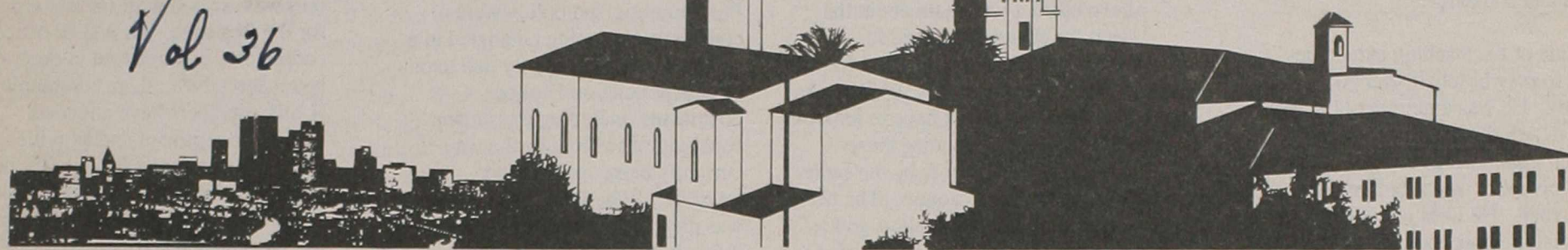
Archives  
MSMC

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Vol 36 #1

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Vol 36



## RHA IS HERE TO STAY

by: Brenda Zozaya

Among the various clubs here at M.S.M.C., one stands out as being the organization that promotes fun in the residence halls. R.H.A. is composed of President Peggy Moore, Vice President Leslie Cunningham, Treasurer Susan Sayegh, Secretary Deborah Dilloway, and Program Coordinator Ursula Strephans, who all pull together and form the backbone to this governing body. There are also various floor representatives throughout the residence halls that bring different concerns and input to the regular R.H.A. meetings.

Among the various activities that R.H.A. promotes are the birthday dinners (four a year), movie nights (ideal for taking a study break on Saturday nights), and Spirit Week (Fall and Spring). In the midst of all this entertainment is the serious side of R.H.A., which is that there are various committees formed to make the residence halls a positive experience for all. The food service committee was formed to promote the student concerns for food service. The birthday committee and publicity committee were also organized, and a new committee was created with the intent of changing male visiting hours.

In order for R.H.A. to meet the

needs of the students that live in the residence halls, students must take the initiative to share their ideas and concerns at R.H.A. meetings, or with their floor representatives. All meetings are open to the students and are held once every other week. Get involved and make the residence halls a home away from home!

## BIG MAN ON CAMPUS

by: Adriana Quintero

One of the new faces seen on campus this semester is that of Dr. Wayne Shelton. Dr. Shelton was hired by M.S.M.C. to instruct a few philosophically based classes. He discovered M.S.M.C. through a national advertisement in Jobs for Philosophers magazine.

Dr. Shelton was born in Ashville, North Carolina near the Appalachian Mountains. He attended college at the University of North Carolina, in Ashville. After his undergraduate education, he went to Oxford University in England for one year where he

studied Philosophy and Theology. Later, he went to graduate school at the University of Tennessee. During those five years, he worked on a Doctorate in Philosophy with an emphasis in Bioethics. During four of those years, he taught. He then went to the University of Arkansas Medical School for two years where he developed a program of Medical Humanities. He was in charge of a program to enrich the medical school curriculum. After his formal education, he entered the brokerage business for five years.

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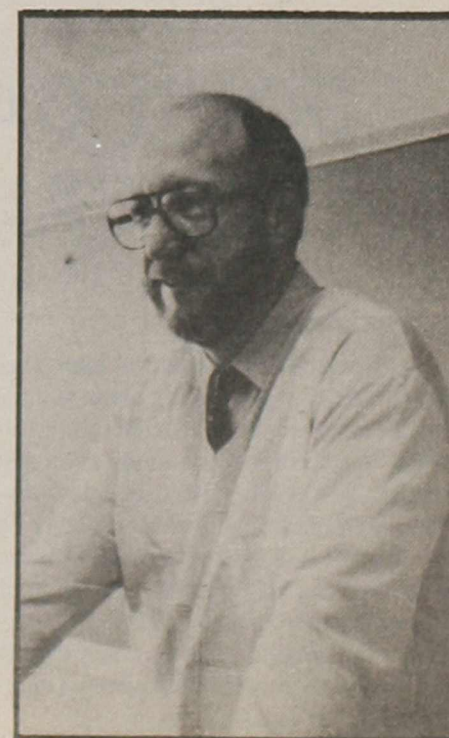
## WEDNESDAY SERIES COMES TO THE MOUNT

by: Alicia Saldana

The Wednesday Series is an event new to the Mount this fall. The series was kicked off with Horizons Day, on September 21st. It was an idea started by Sister Magdalen Coughlin, President of Mount St. Mary's College, and put into action by Dr. Mary Colavito. The series was created for everyone on campus, students and faculty alike, to explore issues of the liberal arts.

There have been three sessions already this semester. These were dealing with issues such as the election process, campaign 88 oil drilling in Pacific Palisades, and the feminization of power. On November 2, the series dealt with the candidate's proposals for financial aid discussed by members of the faculty and financial aid office. The day after the Presidential election, November 9, Mary Ann Dolan spoke about the election post mortem. On December 7, students from the Wednesday Series classes will make presentations encompassing ideas from the previous series.

The Wednesday Series will continue this Spring with four events tentatively scheduled, based on a theme of social responsibility. The last program will be an Environmental Fair held on Siena Day, which is April 26th. There are several courses offered in conjunction with the Wednesday Series in which you can earn credits, and these will be available for Spring semester as well.





Dr. Shelton does not feel any real significant difference between M.S.M.C. classroom atmosphere and the other universities in which he taught. He tries to be a challenging professor in that he attempts to perpetuate independent thinking in his students. He hopes that they reach high academic goals and standards.

Outside of his teaching career, he likes to play baseball, and go fishing. He was a member of a bass club in Arkansas, was on the varsity soccer team during college, and at the University of Oxford he played basketball. He likes to cook, especially ethnic foods like Oriental and Indian. His new venture is learning to cook Ethiopian cuisine. In addition to being a connoisseur in cooking, he enjoys nice wines.

The faculty and students of M.S.M.C. welcome Dr. Wayne Shelton and his insightful teaching talents. We hope that he continues to encourage his students to enrich their philosophical knowledge.

*Sonya Jimmons, right, a behavioral science student at Mount St. Mary's College, answers questions about her biomedical related research during a poster session at the 16th annual Minority Biomedical Research Support Symposium. The Symposium, which was held from October 13-15 in Los Angeles, brought together more than 1,800 student and faculty investigators in the nation's largest minority scientific meeting. Jimmons participates in the school's Minority Biomedical Research Support Program, funded by the National Institutes of Health's Division of Research Resources. The MBRS Program is designed to increase the number of ethnic minorities in the biomedical sciences.*



## ASB: THE PRESIDENT'S VIEW

by: Chris Kaighan

In the midst of an election year, we have heard a lot of talk about the need for change, the need for stronger policy, and the need for the people to have a voice. Well, we as a community do not have to look out into society to recognize these needs, these happen to be the same ones on our own campus. The need for change, stronger policy, and more student input was identified by the 1987-88 A.S.B. government, and now the action is taking place to better meet these demands through this year's two student boards-- the Student Senate and the Student Activities Board.

The need for change became apparent last year because of the overload of work to be done by A.S.B., and the limited amount of

people available to do it. Programming and policy were constantly becoming entangled in a web of confusion, mostly due to out of date policies and college documents, including the student constitution (which, by the way, is currently being revised and rewritten). The voice of the student was given a chance to be heard through the Student Life Policy Board, which gave only two elected students representation for the entire student body. By the second semester, many of the A.S.B. board members were not only tired but frustrated. The time for change was immediate, and that is what happened.

Through the guidance of our new Dean, Kathy Allen, and Assistant Dean, Betty Glick, the structure of A.S.B. was drastically changed. A previous board of sixteen activities chairs, two Student Life Policy members, and the Executive Board was transformed into the Student Activities Council (seventeen members) and the Student Senate (twenty-one members), in addition to the Executive Board.

The Student Activities Council (SAC) was created to plan student activities and to deal with specific programming issues, such as budget allocation, publicity, and the improvement of student participation. The Student Senate was designed to allow the student voice to be heard through all college committees and other student organizations, as well as to provide sound support to student rights and responsibilities. The Executive branch has continued its operation in the same fashion as before, but with an added responsibility to the President, who is the Chair of the Senate, as well as the Vice-President, who now acts as the Chair of the Student Activities Council.

How is it working, and is it successful? Well, as with anything different, time to adjust has not only been necessary for the newly elected officers, but by the college community as well. Many dorm policies have become active, and new policies have been developed. The allocation of student activities fees was created with student input for the first time. An A.S.B. office computer was purchased in order to better serve the college community. A.S.B. members have attended student government and activities conferences all over the country in order to serve all of the constituents of the college. The Student Senate has become actively involved in all college committees, including the Student Services Coordinating Council, which previously had no student representation. The future looks brighter. The Student constitution is on its way for ratification for the first time since 1982, more activities, including Grad Ball and Spring Sing, are being planned for second semester, and the A.S.B. elections in March are promised to be the hottest news on the press.

To answer the above question, the new system is working, and although change is a process which is sometimes slow, I feel confident that we, as A.S.B., and the college as a whole, have been very successful in responding to change. The future can hold so much more in store for us if we let it. But I am only one person who has helped to create change. The members of the Senate and of SAC, many of whom are new to the college as well as A.S.B., should be commended on their incredible willingness to achieve their goals. These dedicated students continue to make A.S.B. the best it can be for you.

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The purpose of this newspaper is to provide a forum for student opinion; to provide an opportunity for students to learn and refine writing, organization, and group skills; to build a sense of community among students and faculty; to provide information of interest to the Mount community, and to stimulate new ideas and generate dialogue on pertinent topics.

## DON'T CALL ME, I'LL CALL YOU

by: Allison Turner

Since entering this mystic world known as college I've made a few observations. I'm not talking about normal revelations, such as dorms, mid-terms, or lengthy vacations. I'm talking about an instrument once loved but now hated, once a key communication apparatus but now a defunct rejected invention. I'm talking about the telephone.

When I arrived on that historic first day I came to notice that yes, indeed, that was a phone I had passed fourteen times while hauling my stuff up five flights of stairs. "How lucky," I thought. "It's right by my room. It will be like having my own phone."

Recently, however, I've used it only to call GTE, AT&T, and Pacific Bell to ask when they can take it out. I don't care who it belongs to, I just want it removed.

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In the beginning, I must admit, it was great. Whenever I heard that luring ringing sound I grabbed my shoulder pads and helmet, broke for the door, and made a mad dash. Others did too, however, so one had to be quite skilled to take them down and out in order to be the sole recipient of that golden moment-- answering it. In my spare time I worked on both my offense and defense, bulked up, used steroids-- anything to insure success. I trained so hard I felt like an Olympian. The only thing I lacked was an event...

Soon, however, enthusiasm fell like a toupee in a vat of liver pate. Nobody found it appealing anymore. No longer was anyone interested in maiming their neighbors for the thrill of it all. The zest was gone-- only soap scum was left. The telephone was no longer worshipped-- mail had taken over as the ultimate deity.

Suddenly my entire floor went deaf. Phone? What phone? I don't hear a phone. That ringing you hear is in your head, they said. It's only an illusion. All I have to say is that it was quite an illusion to make someone talk on the other end as well. I was the only one who answered it, and only did so when a) I felt like it, or b) I just happened to be sitting in the booth waiting for it to ring.

One thing I will admit is that I'm from out of state. So I have but one question-- who in the world is going to call me? Nobody. Then why do I answer it, you ask? Because I find that rhythmic ringing noise gives me migraines if it rings more than twice consecutively. It's just a tad redundant and causes me to seriously think about the distance from my window to the ground. Ring. Ring. Ring-a-ling-a-ling.

This brings up another observation of mine-- people who have their own phone. Now, I think it's great-- more power to ya. But I have one small request. Could you stay in your room 24 hours a day, seven days a week? Thin walls are terrific. Not only can I hear everything as clear as a bell, but the telephone echoes nicely as it penetrates in both my mind and my room. Windows are another ideal invention. Via them I am able to hear the telephones of those people my walls don't reach.

The emphasis of my complaint is really on the people who call these telephone-owners. They let them ring until our football team has a winning season.

Let us examine for a minute the size of our dorm rooms, shall we? After extensive research, I've discovered that between the farthest points six steps are needed. (Brady may vary-- maybe up to eight.) Now-- how many rings is that equivalent to? Perhaps three steps for every ring? If that is true, why do people let it ring for an extensive length of time in hopes of having someone answer it?

As I lay in bed last night, utterly exhausted after thinking about term papers and digesting dinner, I counted the rings (somewhat like counting sheep) from a room beside, below-- somewhere around me. The person let it ring twenty-one times.

According to my theory, the caller should have ascertained that if the person didn't answer it by the second ring (my Six Steps Theory) then she wasn't there. Did the caller think that the callee's dorm was an isolated tent in the middle of the Sahara Desert, and therefore was bothering no one as he sat on the other end saying to himself, "I'll just let it ring one more time..."?

Likewise, did the person being called hear the phone, jump out of her jacuzzi, cross the twelve acre equestrian field, zigzag through the study and the library, inhale a seven course meal, ask the butler for a Perrier with lemon and some Bengay, and then miss the phone call when she picked it up on the twenty-second ring? I think not.

Six steps and two rings, people, that's all it takes. Just yesterday I tried to convince GTE to come take it out. "What is your complaint?" the operator asked me. "What is wrong with it?"

I had the best answer of all. "It works."

## PEPPERONI EXPRESS? NO IT'S MYSTIC PIZZA

by : Jasna Meyer

Have you ever wondered what goes into making a great pizza? Well, "Mystic Pizza", a warm and funny romantic comedy won't tell you that secret, but it will tell you about the laughter, excitement, pain, and misunderstandings that go into relationships. Three friends just out of high school, Kat, Daisy and Jojo work as waitresses at a small, rustic and simple pizza joint called Mystic Pizza in the beautiful seaside town of Mystic, Conn. One has brains, one has looks, and one has a commitment, yet all have problems

# LES MISERABLES: THE MUSICAL SENSATION

by: Monica Quintero

"Will the future ever arrive? Should we continue to look upwards? Is the light we can see in the sky one of those which will presently be extinguished? The ideal is terrifying to behold, lost as it is in the depths, small, isolated, a pin-point, brilliant but threatened on all sides by the dark forces that surround it; nevertheless, no more in danger than a star in the jaws of the clouds." Victor Hugo

Cameron Mackintosh presents Les Miserables, the hit London musical based on the novel by Victor Hugo, at the Shubert Theatre, located at 2020 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles. Les Miserables has won eight Tony Awards, including Best Musical, as well as awards for Best Musical of 1987 from the New York Drama Critics Circle, the Drama Desk, and the Outer Critics Circle.

Les Miserables was written by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg. The setting for Les Miserables is created by John

Napier, costumes are designed by Andreane Neofitou, and lighting is provided by David Hersey. This award-winning team is collectively responsible for the look of such smash hits as "Cats" and "Starlight Express".

An epic saga which sweeps through turbulent decades of early nineteenth century French history, Les Miserables is a story of one man, Jean Valjean, who is pitted against the cruel and self-righteous police inspector Javert, in a life-long struggle to evade capture.

As one experiences Les Miserables, one goes through many emotions: happiness, tension, and surprise. It is definitely a musical sensation. Les Miserables is a love story and a tragedy. One becomes emotionally involved in this musical hit. Everyone must experience it.

Tickets are on sale through April 30, 1989. For more information call (213) 553-9000.

that bring them closer, concerning the same thing-- love.

The movie opens with Jojo's (Lili Taylor) wedding as we watch hazily behind her white veil until midway through the ceremony, she faints knowing she's not ready for a commitment. Her love for the groom, fisherman Bill (Vincent O'Donofrio) at this point is physical, and she admits that even his strong wrists turn her on. Their relationship is humorous, and one comical scene takes place after a late night date. The scene shows Bill confused, and unable to make love to Jojo because of her parents' lighted Jesus lamp staring at him straight in the eyes.

Kat (Annabeth Gish) is the smart, sweet, and serious one who is going to study astronomy on a Yale University scholarship. She first experiences the pain of love by falling for a gentle, suave, and attractive married architect (William R. Moses) by babysitting for his little daughter. His wife is living in England at the time, which gives Kat a logical reason to dream and hope. Their honest attraction is the most romantic and moving of the three. Tender nights of watching stars together, walking by the sea,

and getting drenched in the rain all end abruptly when his wife unexpectedly returns from England. Daisy (Julia Roberts) is the gorgeous, carefree, loose and seductive brunette who gets involved with Chuck Windsor, Junior (Adam Storke), who is a rich, spoiled, and flashy guy who comes from an elite upbringing. Daisy and Chuck's problems stem from their different social classes. One night, Daisy and her two friends buy a six-pack, and decide to peek in on a formal dance at the country club because this is a world far from theirs. By chance, Daisy sees Chuck laughing and talking with another girl, so in a jealous rage she pours barrels of raw fish from her truck into his red Porsche convertible. The humor comes in when she finds out the girl is only his sister. Another funny scene shows Daisy meeting Chuck's parents over an elegant, formal dinner in his mansion. The servant recognizes Daisy and casually asks, "Hey, are you still working at that pizza place?" Daisy, wanting to hide her connection to this lower society, gets embarrassed and Chuck's dad comments, "I didn't know you were in the pizza business."



What makes "Mystic Pizza" so enjoyable is the witty and clever script by Amy Jones, Randy and Perry Howze, and Alfred Uhry. They create comical situations and embarrassing moments which are all ingredients of real life. The direction by Donald Petrie is funny, sharp, and intensely human. The performances of these unknown actresses are a delightful surprise. Taylor has a blunt, humorous style and Roberts has a strong vivacity and open passion. Gish is gentle, natural and innocent, and evokes the most sympathy of the three. "Mystic Pizza" delivers a warm and comical hour and a half of light-hearted entertainment.

## ARTIST SPOTLIGHT: U2

by: Laura Leingang

The Irish rock group U2 has returned with a new album entitled *Rattle and Hum*. The album coincides with the movie of the same name released on November 4th. Not only does it contain songs from previous albums, but also some new ones, such as "Desire", which is the first song to be released from it. The movie itself is composed of live footage from the "Joshua Tree" tour. Much of the work for the film was done on the second leg of their American tour, which started on September 28, 1987. The actual release of *Rattle and Hum* has been anticipated ever since the success of "Joshua Tree" in 1987. Only time will tell whether or not *Rattle and Hum* will be successful. So far the album is selling well, and several people expect the movie to be a success.



## STUDENT SPOTLIGHT: BRENDA ZOZAYA

by Maria Avila

You may know her, but for those of you who don't, let me introduce you to her. She's from Tucson, Arizona where she attended Ampha High School. She currently attends classes and resides here on M.S.M.C.'s Chalon campus, but she attended classes at Doheny the past two years. Who is she, you ask? Why, she's our student spotlight and her name is Brenda Zozaya!

What makes Brenda so unique is that she has been very active at Mount St. Mary's College. Brenda was the A.S.B. President at Doheny last year, and is currently on the Student Senate at Chalon this year. Along with this past leadership experience, she brings new ideas to Chalon. Her main concern is to develop better

communication between the two campuses.

"Comparing my experience at Doheny with Chalon, it's hard sometimes to remember that this is the same college," she said. Brenda explained further by saying that we, the students at both campuses, need to learn and understand each other in order to establish better ties with one another. "This," she remarked, "would be something we would all benefit from." Brenda herself felt intimidated by the different atmosphere here at Chalon, and is still adjusting to it.

Although you may not know this, Brenda is Hispanic contrary to her "gothic" looks. She is majoring in International Business Management with an emphasis in Spanish. Reading, writing poems, and listening to music are her favorite pastimes.

In return for her leadership experience, Brenda feels the college has helped her gain confidence in herself, improve her leadership skills, and has enabled her to receive a good education. She wants to continue her education and, in the future, attain a good job and "make it in the real world."

Well, Brenda, don't look back because you are on your way to that and much more!

## WOMEN'S ROLE IN RELIGION: IS IT CHANGING?

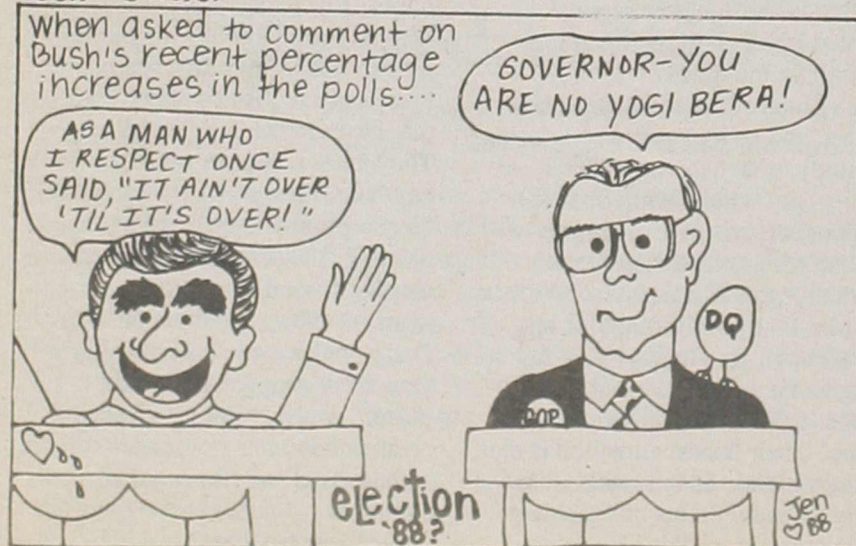
by: Irma Meza

Women have always been looked upon as the weaker sex, and not being able to hold positions of high authority, though according to the Bible "God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them." (Gen. 1:27) Earlier this year, the U.S. bishops issued the first draft of a pastoral response to women's concerns for church and society. The draft was titled "Partners in the Mystery of Redemption".

At a meeting with bishops from the Provinces of Anchorage, Portland, Seattle, Denver, and Santa Fe, the Pope made the following statement in an address on human rights and dignity: "In dealing with the specific rights of women as women it is necessary to return again and again to the immutable basis of Christian anthropology as it is foreshadowed in the scriptural account of the creation of man as male and female-- in the image and likeness of God with inalienable personal dignity and in complimentary one with the other." He continued to say that "the U.S. bishops, in their first draft, were making efforts to respond with sensitivity to the greatly varying concerns. They are striving to help eliminate sexual discrimination by rightly presenting Mary, the Mother of God, as a model discipleship." The importance of true Christian feminism is so great that the bishops are taking every measure to present its principles.

Many things are being considered before any action is taken. It will be a very long time before we will see a woman of the Roman Catholic equivalency in a high church position, however, the Rev. Barbara C. Harris, a black pastor in Philadelphia, has been elected to become an auxiliary bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Massachusetts. Though she still faces confirmation of her election, and she is of a different faith, the fact that she is being considered for this position is one step towards the furthering of women in the religious world.

### Jen's Corner





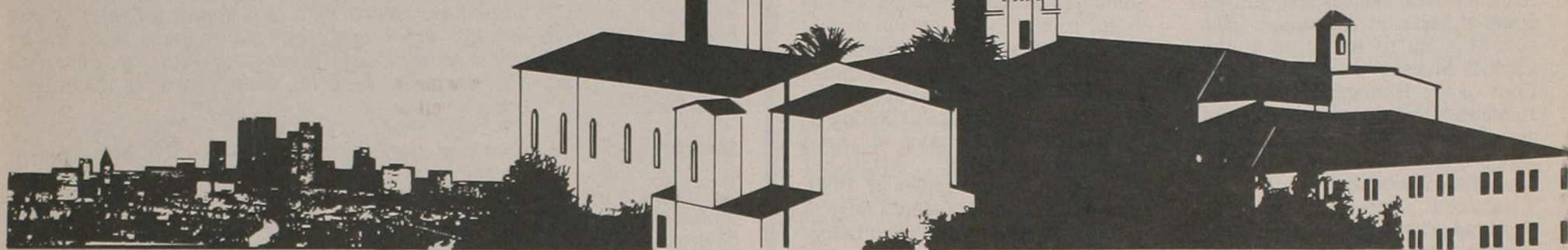
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## SERVICE COMMITTEE REACHING OUT TO OTHERS

by: Alicia Saldana

The Service Committee, a division of M.S.M.C.'s Associated Student Body, who in the last semester was responsible for the success of the blood drive and mail call, will be meeting again for Spring semester (date will be posted). The co-chairpersons Mary Hodges and Elizabeth King want to focus on ways that the committee can help the people in our surrounding community. Their goal is to get in better touch with our identity as a Christian college and to find out how we can give more of ourselves to our community.

Some plans they want to put into action are: a service board to post service opportunities, hospital volunteering, a hunger awareness program and volunteers for the Red Cross Blood Mobile. There is a Blood Drive planned on April 25, 1989 at Mount St. Mary's Chalon Campus. The committee welcomes all who would like to reach out to others, especially during this semester's focus on social responsibility.



Mary Hodges (left) and Elizabeth King form the A.S.B. Service Committee.

## Glamour a la Mode

by: Monica Quintero



On November 21, 1988, Mount Saint Mary's College hosted its first fashion show—Glamour a la Mode. The clothing was modeled by M.S.M.C. students. The students proved to make excellent and glamorous models, and their achievements deserve to be recognized.

The students that participated in the show were Mary Blanche, Alicia Davis, Jim Anest, Joyce Mineros, Lisa Wilson, Suzanne Murphy, Leleka Doonquah, Adriana Quintero, Mary Schaner, Ishani Shah, Stacy Smith, and Ericka Weeks.

The M.S.M.C. models celebrated the holiday season with leather, suede, and glamorous evening wear. There was an attitude—young, bright, and daring. It was a definite spirit. Feminine leather looks and sleek clothes with a sophisticated ease all pulled together to create the look of today.

The Leather jackets for men had super shape, and the sleek blackleather allowed for versatile sportswear.

For evenings, the models looked dazzling. There were sequin dresses, blouses, silks, and evening gowns.

This fashion show was a fundraiser for the Advertising Club and it was a great success. It should set an example for future fashion shows at the Mount.

If anyone wishes to watch the Glamour a la Mode fashion show on video, please contact Monica Quintero at (213) 471-7479 or in Brady Hall, room 311.

## GRAD BALL: An Evening of Elegance

by: Maria Avila

The night of all nights is coming and you had better be prepared. That's right—pull out that elegant evening wear you splurged on last week and call that guy who's been on your mind lately. The annual Grad Ball will be held April 7, 1989. This year it is in the Crystal Room of the classy Biltmore Hotel in downtown Los Angeles.

Sound interesting? Well, it should! You've done your schoolwork and it's time for a break. So why not party and enjoy yourself? Bids are being sold at the hot price of \$65.00 per couple. This includes cocktail hour, dinner, and dancing. Originally, payments could be made in three easy installments, but the deadline for the first installment was in December. Therefore, you can now split the price into two installments, with the first payment having a minimum of \$45.00. The last payment will be due on March 23rd (before Easter break!)

If you're planning to go you better buy your bid soon because there are only 22 out of 150 left.

The people behind this gala event are Rosa Ponce and Patty Costanza, the chairpersons of the Grad Ball Committee. The fundraisers will consist of two Shakey's Pizza nights. Please support their fundraisers this semester. The Grad Ball Committee has contacted a reputable Disc Jockey who will be providing a wide selection of music throughout the cocktail hour, dinner, and dance, as well as a light show.

This year's theme will be "An Evening of Elegance" and it's bound to be full of fun and excitement. The Grad Ball Committee is very excited and is definitely looking forward to this event.

If you have any questions, please contact Patty Costanza in Carondelet 2J1.



# STUDENT SPOTLIGHT: Asencion Hernandez

by: Adriana Quintero

Asencion Hernandez is a significant spiritual leader at the Mount. She spends a lot of her time at the Campus Ministry Office on the first floor of the Humanities building. Hernandez transferred to the Mount as a Psychology major from San Diego State University and she is now in her Senior year.

Hernandez was born in Tijuana, Mexico. Her family moved to San Diego ten years ago. When she was a child she did not speak a word of English, however, she learned the language quickly as she finished her primary schooling and then went on to San Diego High School.

Hernandez is the youngest of nine children. All of her brothers and sisters are married except her sister who resides in Tijuana. Hernandez is the first member of her family to go to a four year college. Her father believes that women should not go to college, however, his support for his daughter's decision to attend college was one hundred percent genuine.

Hernandez became involved with Campus Ministry when she held the position of Director of Catechetical Ministry at Christ the King Church for two years. Later, she became involved in the Movimiento Seglar Cristoforo Colombo, Defensoras de la fe Catolica (Christ the King Movement, Defenders of the Catholic Faith) in San Diego. She participated in retreats in Mexico, and in a Hispanic choir at M.S.M.C.

At the Mount, Hernandez wants to increase the spiritual fervor and spirit of the student body and she finds support at the Campus Ministry office. When she had walked into the office for the first time, she claimed she found the people she was looking for. She asked for placement in Campus Ministry or Pastoral Care Ministry. Needless to say, she was placed at Campus Ministry and is a remarkable contributor to the

Mount's spiritual community.

As Hernandez looks towards the future she sees many good things ahead. Unfortunately, during her Senior year (starting this Spring of 1989), she will have to leave Campus Ministry. After her graduation in December of 1989, she would like to spend a year at home with her parents in San Diego. Then she aspires to return to San Diego State to get a Masters Degree in Counseling Psychology in the hope of gaining a M.F.C.C. (Marriage Family Child Counselor) license. She also wants to keep working in parishes and social service ministries.



Hernandez wishes that the student body participates in the Associated Student Body Multicultural Awareness Community. She believes that becoming aware of other cultures will help us learn more about other people, including their religions, customs, beliefs, and languages. She loves Mount Saint Mary's and says that together we learn to respect people.

Hernandez should be applauded for all of her dedication to the Mount and her efforts to increase our spiritual awareness.

# STARGAZING: FEBRUARY 1989

*For centuries people have been debating over whether it is really enlightening to seek meaning in the stars. Astrology has been defined as an art, a science, a language, a system, a philosophy, a fraud, or just plain stupidity. To me, this definition pretty much sums it up. Why astrology has remained so popular is probably due to our own egocentricity. We all love to talk about what interests us most--ourselves.*

*Still, many people claim that the characteristics of their astrological signs describe them perfectly. Whether this idea comes from some unexplained mythical truth or the ability to fit our personalities into the broad terms typical of astrological language is a question that cannot be answered even if we consult the stars.*

*Each astrological sign has a specific symbol: Aries the Ram, Taurus the Bull, Gemini the Twins, Cancer the Crab, Leo the Lion, Virgo the Virgin, Libra the Scales, Scorpio the Scorpion, Sagittarius the Centaur and the Archer, Capricorn the Goat, Aquarius the Water Bearer, and Pisces the Fish.*

*Since this list of signs seems to be the only sure thing I could find in the field of astrology, I chose to write your horoscopes on the basis of your symbols only. Do you really have characteristics of the signs that represent you? It doesn't really matter since I'm asking you not to take the horoscopes I devised seriously, but perhaps I did manage to relate some grain of truth in my efforts. Of course, this could only happen by accident.*

*With Cosmic Affection,  
Stella Polaris*

**Aries** (March 21-April 20) Making a friend the butt of your practical joke could have unpleasant "ram-ifications". And wipe that sheepish grin off your face or ewe will be sorry.

**Taurus** (April 21-May 20) Don't be surprised if some jerk tells you you're full of bull today. Keep your cool and don't charge off in a huff. Play a nice game of "ring-around-the-nosey" instead.

**Gemini** (May 21-June 21) Watch for symptoms of schizophrenia and people named Sybil. Learn to take yourselves seriously or you could end up in double trouble.

**Cancer** (June 22-July 22) Don't be so crabby! Life's not really a beach. Stay away from oil spills and three year olds with sand shovels.

**Leo** (July 23-August 22) Beware of false people, they could be lion'. This could be your lucky day—apply for a job at MGM. Rid your life of roardom and plan a two week vacation to Oz.

**Virgo** (August 23-September 22) Faith, hope, and chastity are your three greatest assets. That's about all I can say without getting in trouble.

**Libra** (September 23-October 22) You lead a very balanced life. Better avoid the chocolate cake today for fear of tipping the scales.

**Scorpio** (October 23-November 21) Today's the day to kick back and relax in a nice, warm environment. Maybe you can catch a rerun of *The Sting* on the tube.

**Sagittarius** (November 22-December 20) Learn the advantages of frugality or you will not have a "cent-aur" to your name. This could be the day to shoot your arrow through the heart of that special guy and really hit the bulls-eye.

**Capricorn** (December 21-January 19) The stars say you should get involved in college activities and become a true "Mount-ain" goat. They also advise that you stay away from the hedges and grass in front of the Humanities building.

**Aquarius** (January 20-February 18) You have an uncanny ability to go with the flow. You could be the bearer of good "tidings" today.

**Pisces** (February 19-March 20) Today's a good day to go for a swim or rent *Jaws III* from your local video store. And about that guy who's been giving you a headache—forget him. There are other fish in the sea.

If today is your birthday—Happy Birthday!



JUST FOR FUN!



Mount students and friends enjoy a night out at Baxters in Westwood.

## CENTRAL LIBRARY NEEDS STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

Student volunteers are needed now through March as part of a massive effort to help the Los Angeles Public Library prepare books for the Central Library's opening in temporary quarters in downtown Los Angeles.

The largest public library west of Chicago, the Central Library was closed by two 1986 arson fires. The historic building is currently undergoing a \$152.4 million renovation and expansion, to be completed in 1992. Until then, the Central Library will move to 433 S. Spring Street, formerly the Design Center, to restore greatly needed research and reference services to the city of Los Angeles and beyond.

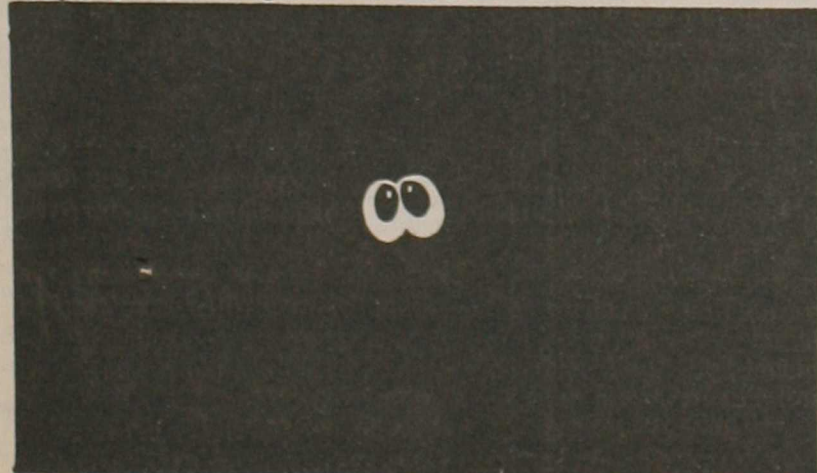
In advance of its reopening, 700,000 waterlogged library books, that have been in freezers since the fires and are now being vacuum-dried, need to be cleaned and inventoried. Plus, over 1.8 million books must be shelved before Central Library service may be reinstated.

Books are arriving at the temporary site at a rate of about 50,000 a week. "The work is tedious and the volume of books is staggering, but spirits are high and progress is being made," says City Librarian Wyman Jones. "Volunteer response has been quite enthusiastic. It's just overwhelming how much individuals contribute to keep the Library a vital part of our community."

The volunteer program began in mid-November. Volunteers are now being scheduled for daytime and evening shifts Monday through Saturday at the Central Library's temporary location. Free parking in the building is available. For more information and to volunteer, please call (213) 612-3261, 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

The Central Library is located in the Ninth Council District represented by Councilman Gilbert W. Lindsay.

Jen's corner : "CAMPUS LIFE at MSMC"



More "POWER" to you?

Jen 1/88

## HOME SWEET HOME

by: Allison Turner

I was finally able to end my school day at 10:40 and not feel guilty. I could wake up at 8:25, stroll into class at 8:30, and not have people flee in horror. And best of all, I could build an ice cream sundae that made Swenson's Earthquake look like a mere after shock. I had finally grown accustomed to college life, although at one time I thought it would have been easier to figure out the reason behind the decline of unisex diapers.

As it turned out, college wasn't the problem. I thought it would be hard to adjust to an unfamiliar institution far from home, but it was the latter which turned out to be the one that took some getting used to. Going back home was like being invited to the prestigious Association for Conscientious Awareness Regarding the Expulsion of Foreign Powers. And being awarded a plaque for using Lime Away. Something just wasn't right. The following examples will hopefully explain what I mean.

Example one: The Ride Home from the Airport.

"What is that?" I exclaimed, pointing to a foreign structure on a familiar land.

"Oh, that," said my father, with a careless flip of his hand. "It's our new S.H.O.U.B."

"What, pray tell, is a shoob?"

"It's a shopping-hospital-office-university-bus station complex."

"I see."

"Do you like it?"

I paused. "It's a tad large."

"Sure is," he agreed. "142 shops, full-size trauma center, 121 offices, and 60 professors, with a destination to 42 cities."

"When is it opening?" I asked.

He laughed at me. "Opening? It's open already. Has been for a couple of weeks now. We got a lovely Bic pen and pencil set and stethoscope at the grand opening."

I was bewildered. "They built all of that in the time I was gone?"

"It has been a while, dear," he told me.

"Four months!" I reminded him.

"Four short months! Month specks, actually." "Well, dear," he told me, "things change."

Example two: The Bedroom.

"Mom!" I shouted from the hallway.

"Where's my bedroom?"

"Where you left it!" she shouted back.

Skeptical, I stuck my head back inside the room my bedroom once occupied. My shelves had shrunk to half their size, my tacky posters and petty gadgets were missing, plants were living in what before no life

form could, and, worst of all, it had an eerie feeling about it that seemed only complete with a chalked outline of a body.

I did, however, recognize a lint ball hidden in the corner behind the door.

"Oh there it is!" I shouted back to her. "I found it!"

"What?" My mother appeared in the doorway. "What did you find?"

"My room," I repeated. "I found it."

"It's always been here," she informed me.

I looked around. "Not really."

"Well, I did move a few things around," she confessed. "You know. Tidied up a bit."

"But I like how it was before," I whined.

"I'm sorry," she apologized, "but you know how it goes. Things change."

Example three: The Best Friend.

I pulled myself away from Dick Van Dyke to answer the door.

"Hi!" An unidentifiable life form stood on the other side of the screen.

"Hello," I returned.

"It's so great to see you again!" she exclaimed.

"You, too," I lied. "Who are you?"

"You're kidding, right?"

I shook my head.

"I'm the best friend you left behind when you went away to college out-of-state," she explained.

I looked at her. Had it been that long? "But of course," I said.

"How foolish of me." Did I dare let her in the house? What was that emergency number again? 991?

"You haven't changed a bit," she observed.

"Yes, well, I can't help but notice a subtle change in your appearance," I told her.

"Do you like it?"

(Does the word pugnacious do anything for you?) I said nothing.

"I cut my hair short and dyed it green."

I looked at the fungus multiplying on her head. "Gee, I... hadn't noticed," I quipped.

She ignored me and continued. "And threw my old clothes away for this new image." She modeled her outfit.

"And you like that?" I asked, dumbfounded.

She pointed to her ears. "I also got my ears pierced so that I could wear even more earrings--"

"Why? Was there a sale?"

"--And began to explore the wonderful world of cosmetics." She closed her eyes and jutted her face towards me.

"Your last name isn't Faye, is it?"

She looked at me. "I take it you don't like the new me."

(see HOME page 4)



## HOME

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

"Like you? I don't even know you."  
 "Yeah, well, things change."

Example four: The Parents.

I sat in a new recliner all bundled up in my flannel pajamas, with curlers in my hair and slippers on my feet. A bowl of popcorn and a half eaten pizza sat beside me on the new table. It was Friday night and I sat in suspense waiting for Sonny to make his move. It wouldn't be long now.

Suddenly my parents zipped past me at lightening speed.

"Ah, excuse me," I called after them. "Just where do you think you're going?" My father peeked his head back inside the doorway. "We have dinner reservations at 8:00 and then we'll probably catch a late movie."

"What time do you think you'll be home?"

He thought about it. "Midnight or so."

"Well call me if you think you're going to be late."

"All right."

"And drive carefully. You never know who's out on the road tonight."

"I promise we'll be careful."

They quickly disappeared and I heard the door slam soon after.

As I snuggled deeper into my chair, and watched as Sonny ruined his linen suit in the name of justice, I was hit in the head by something intangible. Wait a minute, I thought. What's happening? My parents are going out for a night on the town and I'm worrying about Sonny's dry cleaning bill. When did this happen? When did my parents get a better social life than me?

When my parents returned at 1:30—and they never called—I said to them, "You know, I come home for vacation, your only daughter by the way, and instead of entertaining me and worshipping like you are supposed to, you go out and have fun. You never did that before."

My mother shrugged her shoulders. "Things change."

So as you can see, my vacation was quite traumatic. I guess I didn't realize the extent of it all until my neighbor asked me if I found anything to be different.

"Let me be frank," I replied, "I haven't quite adjusted to being able to shop for a get-well gift for a friend during my lunch hour after class but before I board the last bus out, I felt like I slept in a morgue, I had to set a curfew for my parents, the pets I've had since I was six don't remember who I am, and my best friend looks like something my garbage disposal threw up."

She paused. "So what are you saying?"

"I'm saying that I no longer am a part of a stable environment in

which the roots of my life are embedded. I'll probably be in therapy for years."

"Well," she said, "it was nice seeing you again."

The plane trip back gave me ample time to think about my Christmas vacation. I thought about my family and friends, and about how well everything was going for them. I also thought about their happiness in terms of my selfishness.

My plane landed and a friend greeted me.

"So tell me," she said, "how was your vacation?"

"Great," I said with a smile.

"But in your letters you said you were going to change your name, move to Zimbabwe, and weave baskets the rest of your life."

"You know what?" I asked. "Things change."

## AMERICAN POETRY ASSOCIATION CONTEST

Poets can now enter a new poetry contest with \$11,000.00 in prizes. The Grand Prize is \$1,000.00 and the First Prize is \$500.00. In all, 152 poets will win awards and national publication. The contest, sponsored by the American Poetry Association, is open to the public and entry is free.

"Students are often winners in our contests, and we would like to see more students' poetry," said Robert Nelson, Publisher for the Association. "We want to find undiscovered poets and give them the recognition they deserve. This year our winners will be published and publicized to the utmost of our power."

Poets may enter the contest by sending up to six poems, each no more than twenty lines, name and address on each page, to American Poetry Association, Dept. CT-22, 250 A Potrero Street, P.O. Box 1803, Santa Cruz, CA 95061-1803. The contest remains open until June 30, to allow students ample time to enter during spring or summer break. Poets who enter early will be invited to another contest with another \$1,000.00 Grand Prize.

Each poem is also considered for publication in the **American Poetry Anthology**, a leading collection of contemporary verse.

During six years of sponsorship the American Poetry Association has run 28 contests and awarded over \$112,000.00 in prizes to 2,850 winning poets.

# DECIDING ONE MORE TIME

EDITORIAL COLUMN by: Irma Meza

The U.S. Supreme Court ruled seven to two on January 22, 1973 that a state may not prevent a woman from having an abortion during the first six months of pregnancy. 1.6 million women in the United States exercise this right every year. The women vary in economical status as well as in racial background. To many Americans, however, the freedom of choice established in the presently questioned U.S. Supreme Court decision of *Roe vs. Wade* (1973) is not viewed as a right but as a wrong.

Anti-abortionists have been fighting an uphill battle for years. However, with the election of George Bush to the Presidency, the Pro-Lifers have won a crucial battle in the war over abortion. Another advantage is that three of the judges in the Supreme Court who originally voted pro-abortion are now in their eighties, and anti-abortionists are counting on George Bush to continue Ronald Reagan's trend of appointing conservative judges.

As with every issue there are two sides, both with very valid arguments. The Pro-Lifers are people who contend that no woman should be allowed to murder a helpless life. They claim that it is a flat out violation of nature. The unborn child has rights as well. Pro-Lifers argue that an unborn baby's heartbeat begins between the eighteenth and twenty-fifth day after conception. Brain waves can be detected at seven weeks, and at nine to ten weeks the unborn baby can squint, swallow, and make a fist. Pro-Lifers maintain that the Pro-Choice mentality causes infanticide, euthanasia, and the killing of retarded and elderly persons. In addition, they ascertain that the government cannot sustain the cost of providing full or partial funding for economically disadvantaged women.

On the other side of the coin there are the advocates of Pro-Choice who state that the mother was given the right to abortion only after countless unnecessary deaths due to self-induced abortions and abortions performed illegally by unskilled doctors. Reversing this landmark decision after fifteen years would most likely be too politically and socially disruptive.

What would prevent the Supreme Court from overturning other Civil Rights decisions? What right do the courts have to say how a woman should lead her life? Is it not a direct invasion of privacy? Doesn't the mother have any rights of her own? Yes, signs of life are detectable in a woman's womb after one month of conception, but if the embryo was brought into the world at that point, there is no way that it could survive alone or with the aid of machines. In addition, having unwanted babies increases the number of abused, neglected, and abandoned children. The provision of funds for abortions is less costly than the welfare costs for the upbringing of the child.

In the end, the decision will once again be decided in the High Court. However, in a country where it is unlawful to impose your beliefs on another person, shouldn't the final decision remain with the woman whose life will be affected by it?

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The purpose of this newspaper is to provide a forum for student opinion; to provide an opportunity for students to learn and refine writing, organization, and group skills; to build a sense of community among students and faculty; to provide information of interest to the Mount community, and to stimulate new ideas and generate dialogue on pertinent topics.

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Jessie Chu.....Photographer	Jennifer Marano.....Cartoonist
Allison Turner.....Layout Editor	Susan Underwood.....Assistant Editor
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The View welcomes viewpoints on school related or published material. Readers may express their opinions through personally signed letters. Signed letters and editorials present personal opinions and do not necessarily represent the views of the staff. Unsigned editorials express the opinions of the editorial board.

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# THE VIEW

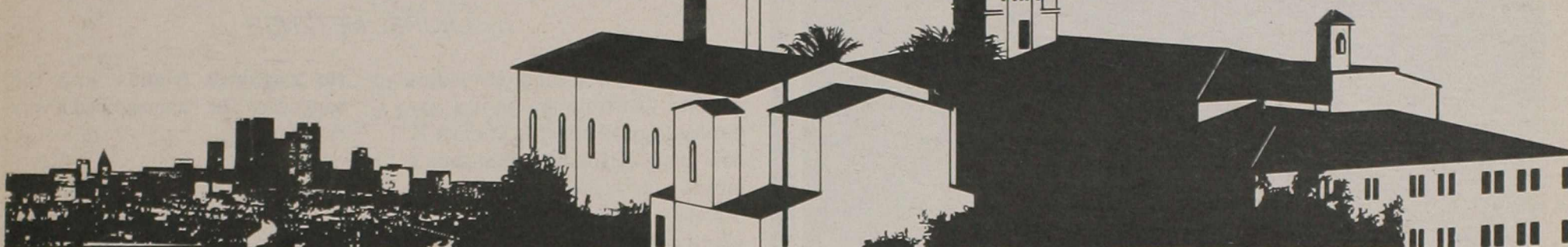
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MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Vol. 36

#3

MARCH 1989



The Marano Sisters Ann (left) and Jennifer hope to make this year's Spring Sing a great success.

## SPRING SING 1989

by: ALICIA SALDANA

The tradition continues! The all student produced, written, directed, and performed Spring Sing will be March 17th and 18th at 8:00 p.m. in the Little Theater. This year's theme is Disney and there will be fifty students, individuals and groups, singing, dancing, and acting. Kevin Salter and Terry Yugar will be the M.C.s and Laurel Metzner will be the pianist.

Last year's Spring Sing was the biggest production in ten years and this year's production promises to top it. "Spring Sing 1989 is Fantastic and full of energy. I'm glad we can bring a touch of Disney magic to the Mount!" says director, Jennifer Marano. Ann Marano, the producer of Spring Sing, feels that Spring Sing is a very important event because, "there are such a large number of talented women here at the Mount and this is one of the only dramatic outlets available to them." Jeanne Yugar, joined by Allison Turner in writing the script, feels that "Spring Sing is a unique opportunity for students to showcase their talents in an arena surrounded by their friends, family, and the Mount community." Everyone is hoping for a big turnout, even the Reagans are invited to the gala of the year!

## MALE VISITING HOURS

by: PEGGY MOORE

The Male Visiting Hours Committee, a group of dedicated Resident Housing Association (R.H.A.) members, has been established to work on a proposal for extending male visiting hours. The creation of the committee resulted from the request of several resident students. The committee's progress has been rapid this semester due to the efforts of its twelve members: Monica Herman (chairperson), Mary Blanche, Michelle Ennis, Pamela Dupasquier, Catherine Fountain, Laura Leingang, Gina Gualeni, Jeanne Yugar, Monique Archer, Sharon Kirk, Joann Ramirez, Leslie Cunningham, and advisor, Mari Wadsworth.

The committee informally surveyed the Mount community by questioning resident students and resident assistants regarding their views about extending the hours. It is the aim of the committee to increase the level of satisfaction of dorm life. Students can cooperate with this effort by giving



input at floor meetings, R.H.A. meetings, and by returning surveys. It is important that students feel confident enough to express their opinions because this policy affects them.

The committee has divided the proposal into specific tasks: the history of the male visiting hours policy will be researched, other womens' colleges will be surveyed, the old policy will be revised, a trial period will be established (provided the proposal is accepted), and feedback and discussion will take place at the end of the trial period. A time line for the proposal will be presented to R.H.A. for floor representatives to take back to the residents.

A vote by the Student Life Policy Board approved the proposal, which was then passed by R.H.A. The trial period, which extends male visiting hours until midnight on weeknights and 2 a.m. on Friday and Saturday, will go into effect on April 2nd.



# STUDENT SPOTLIGHT: LELEKA DOONQUAH

by: ADRIANA QUINTERO



Has anyone wondered about Leleka Doonquah's past--the past that, through its events, brought her to college at the mere age of sixteen and has allowed her to be one of the youngest graduates at the Mount? Leleka, that sweet, responsible, soft spoken, unique girl working down in Health Services, contributing her talents as a Health Advocate, will be graduating at the age of twenty in May of 1989.

Leleka was born in Kingston, Jamaica. Because her father was the ambassador of Jamaica (as well as being a dentist), Leleka lived quite an international life. As a result of living in Jamaica, she received a complete British education. The British programme is academically rigorous and fully prepares one for further education.

Leleka's eagerness to become part of a medical environment was triggered when she was six years old, and she was sitting with her father. He had asked her what she wanted to become, and what she wanted to contribute to the world. Her answer expressed her interest to become a nurse. It was later, when she was in the seventh grade, that she decided she was academically inclined and intellectually capable of pursuing her goal as a medical doctor.

As the time for college was drawing near, Leleka had to decide what the next step would be after graduating from high school in Jamaica. The precipitating factor to come to America was the fact that most Jamaicans come to college in the U.S. "because it's cheaper." In addition, her mother was working in New York City as a nurse, and her brother, Ladi, was attending dental school in Washington D.C. Leleka

crossed the Atlantic Ocean and started a new life.

Her first higher educational experience was at Montgomery College in Maryland. She began as a Music major with an emphasis in Biological Sciences because she knew her final endeavor would be medical school. After one year of college, she changed her major to Biology, expecting to graduate in four years.

How did Leleka finally end up at M.S.M.C.? Her brother came to California for his residency. Leleka moved West, ready to handle the fast-paced life of Los Angeles and excited about coming to a women's college, which she knew would be a rewarding experience.

Leleka has become an integral part of our college society. She is a friend to many, rises to the challenge of her classes, is an approachable and concerned confidante as a Health Advocate, and is an efficient Vice President to Alpha Epsilon Chi, the new Biology Sorority on campus. Leleka participates in the International Student Organization, the Asian Club, and is an active member of the Black Pre-Health Organization at U.C.L.A. Leleka is involved in the Minority Biomedical Research Support program and researches with Dr. Kwan. She volunteered at the Emergency Room at Martin Luther King Junior Hospital, and has been involved in other community activities because of her humanitarian interests.

Leleka's plans for the future? She will graduate, work in the field of Public Health, and later apply to medical school.

Good Luck Leleka!

# MOUNT STUDENTS HAVE STARS IN THEIR EYES

by: LAUREL METZNER

There is one thing about Los Angeles that truly makes it a city distinct from all others. Let's face it, how many of you have ever seen a movie star walking down Main Street in Podunk, Alabama? And what's more, how many of you have ever heard of Podunk, Alabama? Southern California is famous for its fast-paced environment, its variety of people, and most of all, its element of surprise. You never know who you'll run into these days. Not in this city, anyway.

Going to college right in the heart of movie-land certainly has its advantages, as various Mount students have discovered. Most students were very eager to share the juicy details about what stuck in their minds when they just happened to run into somebody famous. Los Angeles is certainly a city in which you cannot whine, "nothing exciting ever happens to me," which goes to show--the stars aren't just in the sky anymore.

Gina Gualeni (sophomore) met Rob Lowe and Magic Johnson together at Ed Debevis' in Beverly Hills. "Rob had crystal blue eyes and beautiful, kissable, lovable, sexy lips. Magic seemed very friendly but I wasn't paying much attention to him."

Sheryl Enders (sophomore) met O.J. Simpson and Marcus Allen (from the L.A. Raiders) at a conference track meet in San Diego. "O.J. was really nice and Marcus had the raddest green eyes. O.J.'s son was cute, but he couldn't run very fast."

Leleka Doonquah (senior) sat next to Mikhail Baryshnikov at Cafe Roma in Beverly Hills. "I remember that he drank a lot of wine and he would imitate the people who came up to him after they left."

Monica Quintero (senior) ran into Jack Wagner at Mom's Saloon in West Los Angeles. "He had a baseball cap on and grubby jeans.

He was best friends with the bartender. The bartender had a very cute butt."

Francine Malinko (junior) encountered Nicholas Cage in Palm Springs. "I jumped into his car and we all partied. He looked good in a bathing suit."

Rachel Martinez (junior) met Jami Gertz at M.S.M.C.'s Chalon campus. "She was skinny and she wasn't mean like all the extras said she was."

Leslie Cunningham (junior) met the late Emperor Hirohito of Japan at City Hall in Los Angeles. "He was so nice considering the fact that he ordered the attack on Pearl Harbor."

Linda Aceret (sophomore) encountered "the Incredible Hulk" at a Boy Scout conference. "He was big and green."

Claudia Alfaro (freshman) met Jimmy Stewart at Griffith Park in Los Angeles. "He's the sweetest man I ever met."

Joanne Kennedy (junior) met Jimmy Smits of L.A. Law at a benefit for Central America in L.A. "He was really nice. He talked to me first."

Alesia Davis (senior) ran into Mr. Rogers at the Sheridan Inn in Escondido. "He was very kind and a little light on his shoes."

Ann-Marie White (freshman) encountered Tom Selleck in Hawaii. "He's very friendly to the kids in the neighborhood. They shoot hoops with him."

Lisa Martin (sophomore) met U2's Bono at the Sunset Marquis Hotel in Hollywood. "He's really nice and down to earth. He looked damn good."

Adriana Quintero (senior) met Lucille Ball at the U.C.L.A. Hospital. "She's funny. I like the way she goes, 'eccccccc....'"



# COFFEEHOUSE READING

Tuesday, April 18

Chalon  
Rumpus Room  
3:30 - 5:30

Stories and poems presented by  
Professor Karen Wolman  
and her creative writing students

Refreshments provided by the social committee of ASB

For more information contact  
Professor Wolman  
Doheny extension 2259

## C'EST MOI! C'EST TOI!

by: MONICA QUINTERO

The days toward Grad Ball are drawing near. Days are warm, and nights are long, but you're a stand out in a wonderful, wearable all-eyes-on-you gown.

April 7th will be a memorable occasion--you dance till all hours, drink out of tall long-stemmed wine glasses, and smell the intense aroma of perfume.

The men are dressed in ravishing tuxedos, looking very charming and extravagant in the Crystal Ballroom at the Biltmore.

But what lingers in every girl's mind is what do I wear to Grad Ball? Yes, there are millions of shops and department stores carrying a vast array of dresses and gowns, but you want this special day to be remembered in a special gown.

Let me begin with the colors for the spring--white, purple, black and green are important colors this season. However, pink and red

have also been seen in some European fashion shows.

Another pointer--you do not have to wear a long dress, you can always be elegant and sophisticated in a mini chiffon dress. BE BRAVE.

A look that is definitely "in" is a lot of draping... the gathered around the waist and off-the-shoulder look can make you look sensational. Go for an effect!!!

Grad Ball clothing in the 1980's is fun and exciting. Mixing shape and structure, pattern and print, lace and silk... sequins... pearls... rhinestones... velvet.

The outcome is cool sophistication. Remember--SIMPLICITY is ELEGANCE.

Any questions regarding  
FASHION CONSULTING contact  
M. Quintero at  
471-7479.

## GRAPES: THE AWFUL TRUTH

by: MARIA AVILA

The National Academy of Sciences reported that pesticides in fifteen commonly eaten foods, including grapes, pose the greatest pesticide-caused dietary cancer risk to humans.

We are in the midst of a major toxic disaster. In the farming communities, children are dying, babies are born deformed, and workers are being poisoned. And what do we do? We eat grapes and wait to see

cause birth defects and sterility in animals. Yet, it is still permitted on some crops.

The farm workers are the most affected. A study found that as many as 313,000 U.S. farm workers are adversely affected by pesticides each year. Their symptoms range from dizziness, vomiting, and dilated pupils, to severe skin rashes. These pesticides have also been linked to cancer. According to Dr. Marion Moses of National Farm Workers Health Group, children who have been exposed while still in their mother's womb have a higher

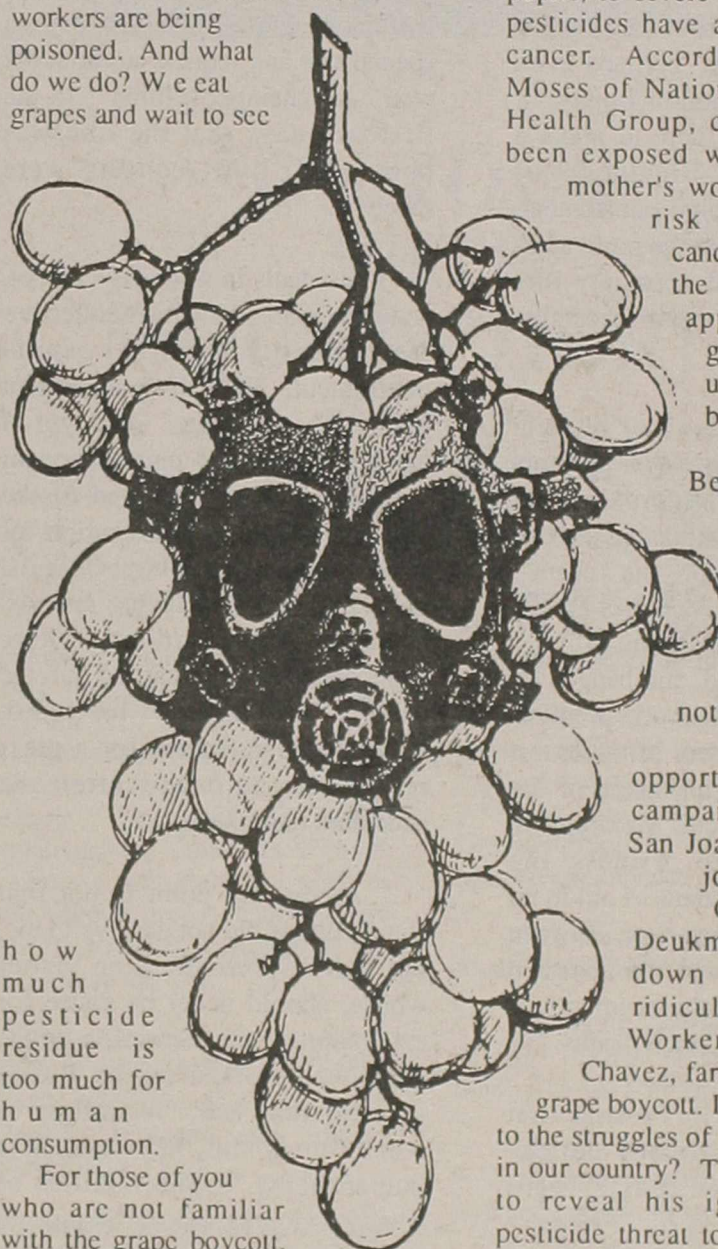
risk of deformity or cancer. For three years, the farm workers have appealed to grape growers to stop using the pesticides, but they flatly refuse to do so. Why? Because their main concern is making a profit and not the value of human life.

Apparently, President Bush is not concerned. At a recent photo opportunity before a campaign speech in the San Joaquin Valley, Bush joined Republican Governor George Deukmejian in gulping down table grapes and ridiculing United Farm Workers head Cesar

Chavez, farm workers, and the grape boycott. Is he too insensitive to the struggles of the working people in our country? This certainly seems to reveal his ignorance of the pesticide threat to our environment and our people.

Chavez is very dedicated to this boycott despite the fact that his family has been tormented by those against this movement. In response, Chavez, along with Edward J. Olmos, Carly Simon, River Phoenix, and Lou Diamond Phillips, have begun a fast. Their goal is to halt the use of these dangerous pesticides.

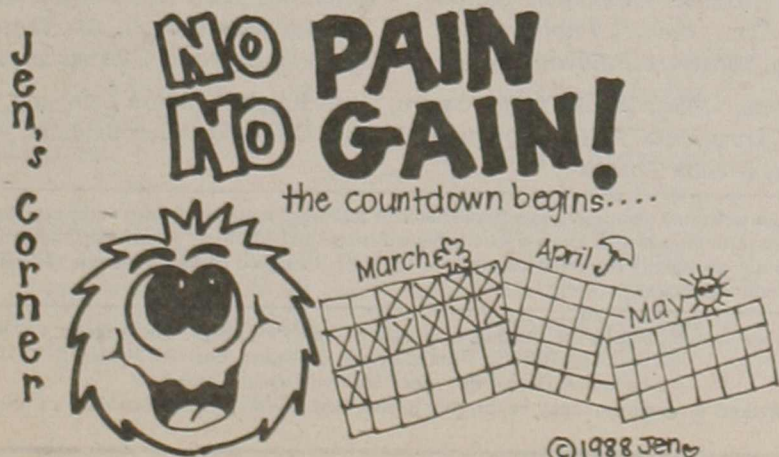
What can you do? Don't buy or eat any fresh table grapes from California. Begin a "Fast for Life" chain with your friends. Do something, because in the end, you might be paying the price for not doing anything. In the words of Cesar Chavez, "the solution to this deadly crisis will not be found in the arrogance of the powerful but in solidarity with the weak and the helpless. Together, all things are possible."



how much pesticide residue is too much for human consumption.

For those of you who are not familiar with the grape boycott, you should be because it also affects you. The United Farm Workers are boycotting the grapes due to the effects pesticides have had on the workers and the effects it could also have on the general population. The Mount is currently holding a petition drive to prevent the selling of grapes. Your part in this is to sign the petition.

Forty-four percent of the produce sampled at a food store in California had a high amount of pesticide, much of which could not be rinsed away with water. Approximately eight million pounds of pesticide, including the five most dangerous pesticides, are sprayed on California grapes each year. These pesticides include Captan, Parathion, Phosdrin, Dinoseb, and Methyl Bromide. Dinoseb was outlawed by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency because it can





# THE ETHICS OF EXECUTION

by : SUSAN E. UNDERWOOD

It has been over a month since the execution of Ted Bundy, but the awful legacy of his crimes and execution remains in our minds and in the media.

Certainly no one questions that the murders of the still unknown number of young women were of a most heinous nature. But what haunts me equally, perhaps even more, is the execution of Bundy. It is not my purpose here to make a statement of the "rightness" or "wrongness" of capital punishment, but rather to question the motivation and psychology of a society that finds capital punishment acceptable and necessary.

Bundy's execution took place in Florida in the early morning hours of January 24th. Approximately five hundred spectators came to be near, and to cheer on, the "event". According to an L.A. Times article, people chanted "Burn, Bundy, burn", sang, hugged, and banged on frying pans while fireworks went off in the sky. The fervor of the crowd calls to my mind an image of the crowd filling Circus Maximus in ancient Rome to witness the sacrificing of Christians. I am in no way making a comparison between a mass murderer and the martyred Christians, but of the segments of society that cheered their deaths.

The group in Florida that morning included many college students yelling and carrying signs that read *Thank God It's "Fry-day"*. How different, really, is this group from those who called for and carried out the burning of innocent women in Salem in the 1600's, the lynching of black men in the south, or even the crucifixion of Christ?

After witnessing an execution in 1849, Charles Dickens wrote:

*The horrors of the gibbet and of the crime which brought the wretched murderers to it faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, look, and language of the assembled spectators.*

He described as "inconceivably awful, the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected," a

crowd that paid one or two guineas to stand in the windows along the street where the execution was taking place.

Execution today is no less a spectator event. At San Quentin it was once possible (in 1984), and still may be, to call the warden on a special line and request a seat at the next "gas-chamber killing." In the first two days that the line was open, over 100 requests were received.

Individuals in a society can not, and should not, deny their collective responsibility for capital punishment. We can't pretend that it's not happening. And yet, I believe it is totally unnecessary for the public to be informed of the time and place of an execution for the purpose of attending. Once the judicial process, including appeals, petitions, and pardons, where applicable, has been carried out, the public's "right to know" has ended. It would be sufficient for a press release to be made after the execution has taken place.

Again, my point is not that Bundy did or did not deserve to die, but that an execution, no matter whose, should never be cause for celebration. Jim Sewell, a police chief who worked on the Bundy investigation said, "regardless of what Bundy did, he was still a human being." The families of Bundy's victims did not rejoice as hardily as did strangers. His death did not replace their losses.

It occurs to me also that this morbid fascination and obsession toward Ted Bundy's brutal crime spree and his execution is not really all that different from the seed of violent obsession that grew in Bundy. Perhaps those who flocked to the execution sight somehow sensed this and wanted to witness the symbolic death of their own capacity for evil. That which cannot be tolerated in ourselves is often vehemently denied and projected through the condemnation of others. As human beings, we must remember that we are all capable of the best and the worst.

# MOUNT STUDENTS SUFFER FROM WRITER'S BLOCK

by: ALLISON TURNER

O.K. I admit it. I have writer's block. I like to think of it as amnesia of the pen, actually. For some reason, I can't think of anything to write about. For weeks now I've been staring at a blank piece of paper as if enchanted by its beauty. My pencil sits poised above it, but as of yet hasn't had the nerve to make contact. Maybe Mr. Pen finds Mr. Paper to be intimidating. I know I do.

My mind is also as blank as my paper. It's been a very slow week for ideas to wander through my brain. Maybe I'll have to offer them a two for one special because so far I haven't met one that I'd like to take home to mom. I know, I know -- there are a sea of ideas out there waiting to be fished out. Let's just say I missed the boat, shall we?

Maybe I can't write because I don't find anything funny anymore. After all, I read the comics every Sunday and my lips hardly part. If I don't even find the funnies funny, then there really is no hope, is there? Either animation on paper no longer thrills me or I've really lost all sense of humor and am going to turn into Geraldo Rivera. Either way I lose.

So, here I am. I feel like someone who has been asked to give a speech on kumquats. I don't know what to say. Several people did try and help me, though. Here are some of the topics they so graciously suggested.

Dustbunnies. I must admit this is a good topic, but I find it rather hard to develop. (Somewhat like my vacation pictures.) I thought it would be difficult to speak extensively on the subject. After all, everyone knows what happens.

A lonely piece of lint and a stray thread get together and give birth to a baby dustbunny. If fed and nurtured correctly, it grows and multiplies until it looks like it's living on steroids. Then, the human in whose room this dirtbunny lives notices it. At this point, she either graciously gives it a new place to live (the trash can), or--as I've had the privilege to witness--she Dustbusts it to death. Either way, the bunny stops there.

Another friend of mine suggested writing about roommates. Again, another fine topic. This one provides many different angles, somewhat like Oliver North's trial. I could write about disorderly, sane, psycho, maticulate, demented, studious, overbearing, shy, annoying, amiable, or offensive roommates. But I figured that covered just about everyone and I didn't want to make it biographical and get sued. I can afford many things, but a million dollar law-suit is not one of them.

Finally, just this morning, another friend suggested that I write about the way some people dress for breakfast. I thought this was very gracious of her, since she herself admitted to being less than formerly attired. But it's true, and I understand what she's talking about. I know our school is small and we could even be considered family, but eating in your Dr. Denton's is taking it a little far. I think that if you can dress for success and you can dress to impress, then you can dress for mess. (O.K., so we're not in the military. The point is still there.)

I thank all those who tried to aid me in my time of need. Who knows, maybe if this block stays with me for awhile and people keep helping me, I will become as big as Farm Aid. And that ain't no bull.

I'm sure you have noticed that I just wrote a lot about what I couldn't write about. I think that in itself is a skill, but unfortunately not one that there is much of a demand for. Unless, of course, I go into politics.

Until then, I'll keep trying to think of a funny subject. There must be something left in this world that can bring about a laugh or two.

## EDITOR'S NOTE:

The purpose of this newspaper is to provide a forum for student opinion; to provide an opportunity for students to learn and refine writing, organization, and group skills; to build a sense of community among students and faculty; to provide information of interest to the Mount community, and to stimulate new ideas and generate dialogue on pertinent topics.

## The View Staff

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The View welcomes viewpoints on school related or published material. Readers may express their opinions through personally signed letters. Signed letters and editorials present personal opinions and do not necessarily represent the views of the staff. Unsigned editorials express the opinions of the editorial board.

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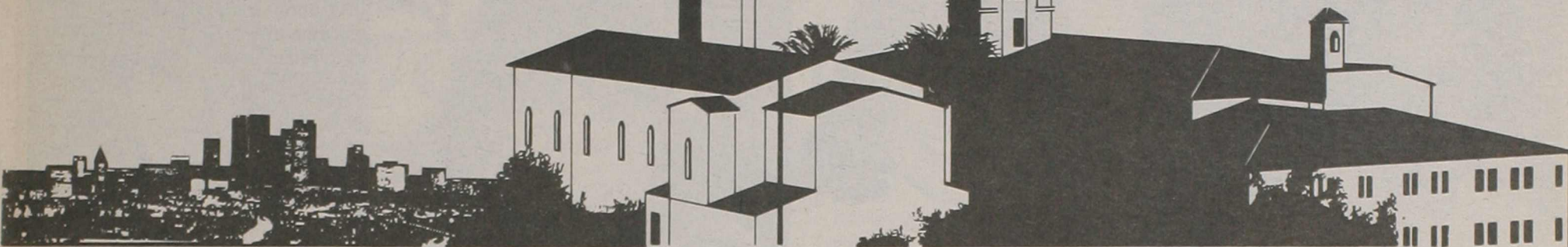
# THE VIEW

Archives  
MSMC

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Vol. 36 #4

MAY 1989



## ON TOUR WITH MOUNT CHORUS

by: Maria Avila

So how was your Easter vacation? If you were tired of staring at the same four walls, you should have joined Mount Chorus on their tour of Northern California!

What exactly did they do, you ask? Why they sang their little hearts out! Actually, the four day trip took them to five high schools where, along with their director, Frank Brownstead, they performed several songs. Accompanying the choir was William Beck, who is a well-known organist in the Los Angeles area. Several choir members from other churches in the area also joined the tour.

Some songs in their repertoire included: "Jubilate Deo," by Flor Peters, a medley of "Cats," by Andrew Lloyd Weber, and "Messe Basse," by Gabriel Faure.

The choir performed at George Washington, Oceana, Terra Nova, Lowell, and Leigh High Schools. They also had an opportunity to perform at St. Brigid's Church in San Francisco. At every location, the choir received a good response for their performance. They were also praised in a community center where they sang for Mount alumni.

The officers of the choir helped ease the cost of the tour by presenting proposals for funds to the Associated Student Body and the choir also participated by selling chocolates and Christmas ornaments. The officers include: Amy Kuhnert (President), Joanne Kennedy (Vice President), Julie Adza (Secretary), and Stephanie Sartain (Librarian). They all did a tremendous job along with Sister

Teresita Espinosa, Chair of the Music Department. Without them, there would have been no tour!

The choir stayed at Santa Sabina, located in San Rafael, where they were provided with meals as well.

Of course, the choir members were given a night off in San Francisco to explore and conquer. Sights included: Alcatraz, the Golden Gate Bridge, Ghiradelli Square, Fisherman's Wharf, and the Greenpeace Store.

What did the choir members have to say about the tour?

Michelle DiNielli, a freshman Music major said, "It was an enjoyable learning experience."

Another Music major, Nancy Scibetta, remarked, "The trip was exhausting but the music was good."

Carmelita Indalecio, a Biology major, on the other hand thought the tour was "FUN! EYE-AWAKENING!"

All in all, the choir had a great time singing to all the young students and knew that their talent was appreciated. Sr. Magdalen Coughlin awarded each choir member with a free ice cream cone for her time and effort as well. Many choir members even had a great time improvising tunes on the way back! Still, the members were glad to see the Sunset Boulevard exit on the 405 freeway.

Now that you have read about the Mount Chorus, why don't you join them and see how fun it is to spread a little sunshine to others through music?

## WHO'S WHO SELECTIONS

The 1989 edition of WHO'S WHO AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES will include the names of sixteen students from Mount St. Mary's College who have been selected as national outstanding campus leaders.

Campus nominating committees and editors of the annual directory have included the names of these students based on their academic achievement, service to the community, leadership in extracurricular activities, and potential for continued success.

They join an elite group of students selected from more than 1,400 institutions of higher learning in all fifty states, the District of Columbia, and several foreign nations.

Outstanding students have been honored in the annual directory since it was first published in 1934.

Students named this year from Mount St. Mary's College are:

Julie Adza  
Celia Aloiau  
Anna Aquino  
Patricia Beal  
Michele Benson  
Kathryn Brown  
Christine Cummings  
Caitlin Jaffarian  
Amy Kuhnert  
Laurel Metzner  
Carole Nevarez  
Lisa Overby  
Patricia Sandri  
Elizabeth Serrano  
Debora Skeehan  
Nerina Tribble



# A.S.B. 1989 - 1990



**President**  
**Amy Kuhnert**  
A.S.B. Executive Board



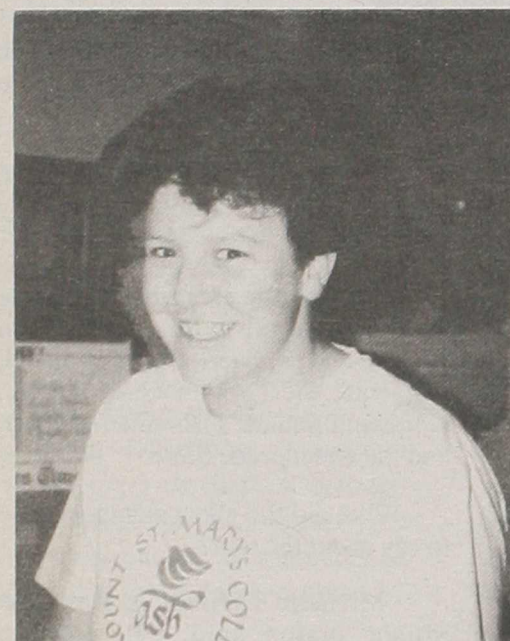
**Vice President to Senate**  
**Maria Avila**  
A.S.B. Executive Board



**Vice President to Student Activities Council**  
**Ruth Laya**  
A.S.B. Executive Board



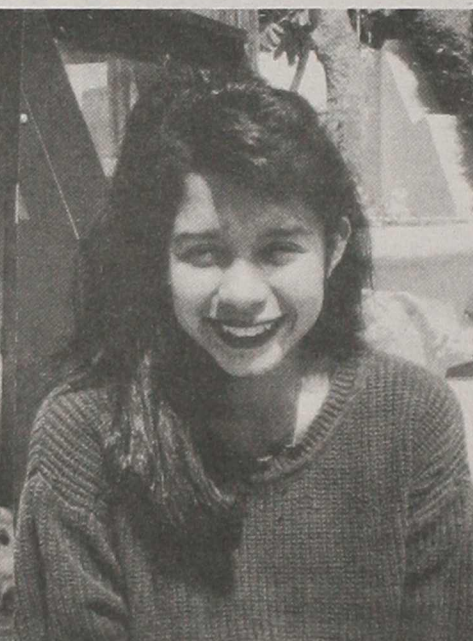
**Chair of Finance**  
**Deann Griego**  
A.S.B. Executive Board



**Chair of Interclub Council**  
**Joanne Kennedy**  
A.S.B. Executive Board



**Chair of Public Relations**  
**Jessie Chu**  
A.S.B. Executive Board



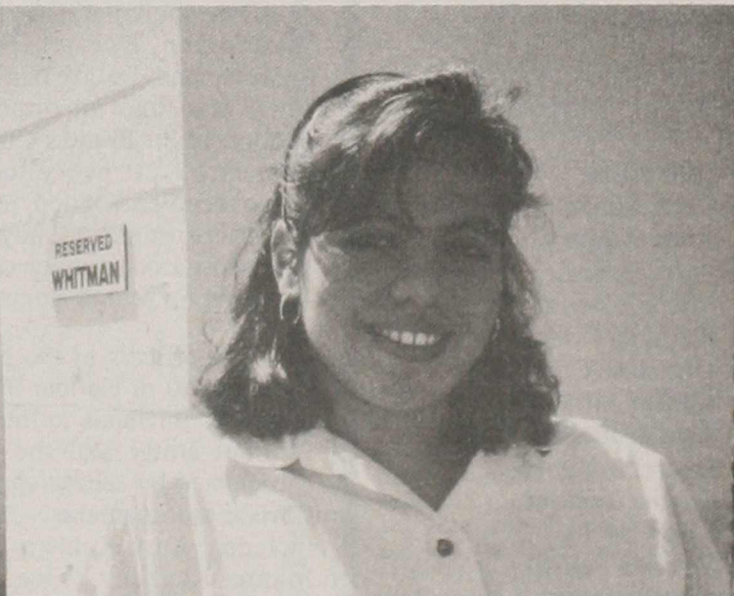
**Clerk to the Senate**  
**Karla Marroquin**  
Senate



**Sophomore Senators**  
**Jennifer Bright (L) Yolanda Collins (R)**  
Senate



**Academic Committee Chair**  
**Alicia Saldana**  
Student Activities Council



**Service Committee Chair**  
**Raquel Capacete**  
Student Activities Council



**Social Committee Chair**  
**Claudia Guerrero**  
Student Activities Council



# IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES...

by: Laurel Metzner

The arrival of my Freshman year in college was a little like one of those nightmares in which you dream you are falling off a cliff and you wake up staring at the lintballs under your bed. I ended up at the Mount because during high school I had become a firm believer in that catchy phrase immortalized by the movie *Risky Business* which I dare not repeat. I spent the first half of my Freshman year pondering the fact that I was seven hours from home situated on something that geologists call a fault but which I call a major flaw in character, relearning how to read and write after Arizona's 315 degree summer, and most importantly, figuring out who was in the same boat as me. Surprisingly, it was the ever-cursed school cafeteria which brought my first friend at the Mount to my side. I traded her my undercooked fine Idaho potato for her burnt one. This incident sparked an all-out-food-trading-jamboree for the next three years. And I gradually became fascinated by the fact that I no longer called home with bomb threats if my parents didn't let me quit college. The most exciting thing that happened Freshman year was that carbon monoxide crept through our radiators in the middle of the night, and a giant version of the Michelin man burst into our room and ordered my roommate and me to evacuate immediately. We were able to sleep in the Little Theater and show our true colors at 3:30 A.M. on National Television.

After some deliberation, I informed my parents that I would try one more year at the Mount, and if I didn't like it, would watch *Risky Business* thirteen times in a row and see if I could catch any pointers on how to start a business of my own. I discovered that as a sophomore, I was faced with a major identity crisis. I wasn't allowed to act bewildered and use my class as an excuse anymore, but I couldn't enjoy the well-

deserved freedom of those who had been at the Mount for three or more years either. *Sophomore Year at the Mount* is an alternate title for Jean Paul Sartre's *Being and Nothingness*. Therefore, I decided that my sole purpose that year was to serve as a torturer of freshmen. I had already planned devious methods for infliction of pain over the summer which I was anxious to put into practice. My chance came, not surprisingly, on the first day I moved into the dorms. This punky freshman (I could tell it was a freshman just by looking at it) bebopped into my room and asked if she could observe its floor and wall measurements, cabinet structure, tile placement, ceiling beams, stained glass windows, plumbing system, and other architectural frameworks which I haven't the energy to look up for the precise spelling. I was annoyed and confused by this blatant interruption, and was getting ready to thrust her head into the toilet as proof of the Mount's impeccable plumbing design, when I happened to notice a seven foot quasi-monster in my doorway that turned out to be the thirteen year old brother of the invader. My anger shifted to fear, and then to elation, because I finally knew how I was going to go about hanging my pictures. The invader moved across the hall from me, and we have been best friends ever since. Nothing exciting ever happened Sophomore year.

I decided that summer that I would graduate from the Mount, much to my disbelief. By my Junior year, I was comfortable in my relationships with friends and faculty. And, as a junior, I was able to torture both freshmen and sophomores. I also started to get this idea that in only two years I would be as smart as my mother. I was actively involved in numerous college events and organizations. And just when I thought I did not

have room for one more thing in my life, I met another high-spirited companion in my Personnel class. We were forced to do a skit where I was to play a rambunctious salesgirl (a part that came easily for me), and she was supposed to play a high society rich bitch (a part that came easily for her). We are now roommates. The most exciting thing that happened Junior year was a big earthquake in October during which I had the privilege of observing the entire student government dive under doorways and other pieces of furniture that looked like they had already survived numerous natural disasters.

By my Senior year, I loved the Mount. I wanted to stay at the Mount forever: teach there, sleep there, eat-- well, no, that's going a bit far. I'm sure you can imagine my exultation that, as a senior, I was granted the unspoken, inalienable right to torture the entire school. I had a whole new batch of roommates to share my life with. One of them had ten brothers and made Grad Ball the astonishing success that it was. And, the best part, as that I still had the very good friendships of those I had encountered in the previous three years. I'm not saying Senior year was completely without its disheartening moments, because at times I did feel very sad. Not only sad because of my renewed indirection and the fact that my dad couldn't see me graduate, but about the thought that the time had come for me to leave the people I had grown up with for twenty percent of my natural life. I have this unexplainable feeling though, that I'm not really leaving. The friendships I made will always live in my memory, even if I lose touch with the people I have grown so close to. The most exciting thing that happened Senior year was that I finally realized that every year at the Mount was exciting.

# THE MOUNT'S GOING MOBILE

by: Susan Underwood

The 1989-90 school year will usher in many changes at the Mount: a new president, the departure of many valued instructors, and a new student transportation program. Yes, that's right, we're going mobile! This comes as long awaited and obviously welcomed news, especially to those of you who have previously suffered from being "Mount-bound." Now you won't have to bribe, beg, or otherwise coerce your wheeled friends to take you on a Ralph's run.

For a small fee (hey-- nothing in life is free!), students can be transported to and from Ralph's and Westwood on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Tickets and passes will be sold at the Residence Desk at the cost of \$.50 for a one-way ticket or a \$10 semester pass. The program will be staffed by ten student drivers and a student manager under the supervision of Residence Life personnel.

Even if you have your own transportation, think of the benefits of this program: you won't have to drive around Westwood trying to find parking, only to end up hiking from Veteran; you'll save bucks that you might have spent at public parking lots or in money-eating meters, and if you're tired of the regular Mount-variety work-study jobs, this will be a fun alternative-- provided you're not on the DMV's most wanted list. One last note, the Student Shuttle Service will be a small, but significant help in alleviating two of L.A.'s most prominent battles-- fighting gridlock and air pollution.

SO BE COOL,  
SUPPORT YOUR SCHOOL,  
CARPOOL!



# ELECTION YEAR AT THE MOUNT

## AMY KUHNERT ELECTED ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT

BY: LAUREL METZNER

After three years at Mount St. Mary's College, newly elected Associated Student Body President Amy Kuhnert is entering "Seniorhood" with a bang. Student Government elections were held in April, 1989.

When asked why she decided to run for A.S.B. President, Kuhnert replied that the Mount had contributed greatly to her "all around development," that she "enjoys being involved," and that she "wanted to give something back to the school."

If you've ever stepped foot out of your dorm room in your years at the Mount, then you've seen Amy Kuhnert. Kuhnert is an expert at student involvement. As a junior, she held positions both on the A.S.B. Senate and the Student Life Policy Board. She was Mount Chorus President (she has a double major in English and Music), and she has played an active role in the college Leadership Program. In the summer, she facilitated high school conferences in conjunction with the Mount St. Mary's Admissions Office. Kuhnert claims "getting things done is always a priority that develops with students involved in activities. I

believe in the people aspect of leadership."

The largest area for improvement, Kuhnert says is "student apathy. There were only twelve people elected to Student Government offices, with an A.S.B. executive position still open." Kuhnert also sees a need for more interaction between the Mount's Doheny campus in Los Angeles, and the Mount's Chalon campus in Brentwood.

These ideas will most likely arise at a meeting scheduled for the week of finals between the A.S.B. Board of 88-89, and the A.S.B. Board of 89-90. The primary purposes of this meeting are to inform people of their new job responsibilities, and to come up with ideas for next year.

Kuhnert is a President's Scholar from Diamond Bar, California who likes to sing, play the piano, write, and follow the Dodger's winning season. She considers the position of A.S.B. President a "challenge to top off my four years," and she wants to "thank all the people who voted. I'm glad to have the opportunity to spend my last year serving the students at M.S.M.C."

## THE MOUNT WELCOMES A NEW PRESIDENT

BY: Alicia Saldana

As the 1988-89 school year draws to a close, so does Sister Magdalin Coughlin's term as President of Mount St. Mary's College. Fortunately, with the arrival of the new president, Karen Kennelly, the Mount can look forward to and anticipate the continuing level of excellence.

Sister Kennelly comes from Minnesota where she finished high school, entered the community of the sisters of Saint Joseph, and attended the College of St. Catherine, where she received her baccalaureate degree. She was the Academic Dean at St. Catherine's and is presently working on sabbatical at the Institute of Ecumenial and Cultural Research, where she interacts with a diverse group exploring the relations of faiths. Not too long ago, Sr. Kennelly spent some time researching in Peru and is now awaiting the publication of her most recent article dealing with her current research.

When asked what attracted her to our campus, she recalled a retreat she had attended here during the time she was studying at U.C. Berkeley. She admired the work of the college and the beauty of both campuses, admitting an attachment to the Chalon campus swimming pool. Sr. Kennelly hopes to take maximum advantage of the strong base which has been established in academics at the Mount, incorporating a curriculum which is represented by our student body. She considers this diversity a great advantage to the Mount. She also plans to keep the leadership programs going full speed ahead. Most of all, she hopes to bring the college a new perspective. As for the transition between Minnesota and Los Angeles, she says she will miss her friends, her house on the lake and cross country skiing, but she is greatly looking forward to meeting and interacting with the students of Mount St. Mary's College.

### Jen's Corner





# ODE TO THE CLASS OF 1989

BY: Allison Turner

There you are, sitting beside your peers in a sea of black. You are doing what you swore you swore you never would, something that Adrienne Vittadini would revoke your fashion license for -- you are wearing polyester.

You hear your name announced and your eyes magnetically dart to the announcer's placid face. Is it really true? you ask, with a quick raise of the eyebrow. Has the moment requiring the standard oversized-drape-that-simply-does-nothing-for-your-figure finally come? With a reassuring nod the announcer guarantees that this is that special moment, a moment not unlike entering The Twilight Zone. You stand up on two legs which could best be compared to inebriated protoplasm. You carefully begin to wobble towards the stand, a short journey that has suddenly become the longest of your life. Wanting to impress the witnesses of this historic event, you flash them an expression of determination, wonder, and hope, but only you know what it really means. You are determined to keep the pizzaboard balanced on your head, you wonder if both of your fiancés were able to make it, and you hope that your pantyhose won't bind at the knees and trip you.

Keeping your eyes rigidly fixed on the woman holding the thin sheet of tree that has your name on it, you slowly make your way in front of everyone's astonished gaze. Yes, they join you in this once-questionable phenomenon, an accomplishment that you once believed would be easier to reach than deciding between taking

Practicum in Community Health Nursing or Aerobics.

As you continue to stroll that marathon of anxiety, you realize that although the wind just blew over two parents and a complete video system, your hair is stiffer than the onset of rigormortis. Suddenly realizing your cosmetic abilities, you begin to wonder if beauty school wasn't the right choice for you after all.

At last you reach the woman who's holding the key to your future. You politely and patiently shake hands with her. It is when she offers you that 8x11 piece of paper that you grab it and think to yourself, "It's mine! It's mine! At last it's really mine..."

With a calm facade you prepare for departure, your legs suddenly sober and supportive, and your lungs finally exhaled. A smile escapes you and flashes the people who took this journey with you. You distinctly hear a sigh of relief coming from the direction of your family, who incidentally is sitting in the very last row and needed a telescope to see you and your rigid hair graduate. Their relief is obviously great. And so is yours.

Although the ceremony is fairly universal, it has come to my

attention that many different types of graduates exist. The exact number is as of yet still undetermined, but some are quite obvious. Take enterprisers, for example. Everyone knows an enterpriser. This is the graduate who, if it was possible to bring success from only some mohair and a dangling participle, she would do it. Her entrepreneuring started in high school when she sold pamphlets entitled, "Ten Easy Steps to Guaranteed Popularity," realizing early that it doesn't take anything paramount to reap profit.

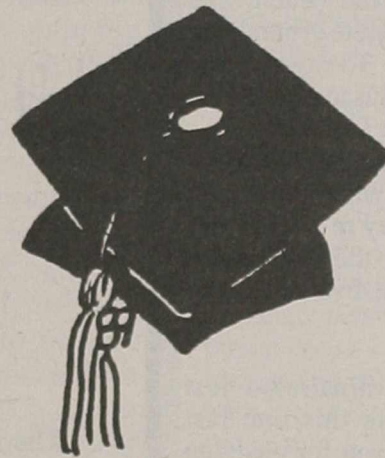
Another type of graduate is the procrastinator. This graduate has been in school so long that those education majors who

were once her peers are now her teachers. Her relatives never made it to her graduation because they thought she was kidding. Whether it was because she was on the twelve year plan, spent five years "finding herself" between her junior and senior year, or took three years to decide what her last one unit elective would be, she raised enough doubt in them to keep them away. The people who decided to humor her and show up, however, were both shocked and relieved when she finally received that little piece of paper which by then she had paid \$120,000 to get.

A third type of graduate is a honeymooner. For some reason she spent four or more years, produced intense brain power, and secreted barrels of digestive juices for dinner only to get married the day after graduation. Opting to stay home, she enjoys snaking drains and answering Jeopardy questions before the contestants do. There is certainly nothing wrong with doing this, and I suppose it's possible to incorporate her college experience around the house. She could dissect dinner, experiment with various cleaning products, study the fungus in the fridge, and memorize warning labels. She could identify three kinds of mildew and compare and contrast the ethics of tofu. Should she choose to write a thesis paper, I see no problem with "Tupperware Today: How Far Has It Come?"

As Christopher Morley (who?) once said, "There is only one success -- to be able to spend your life in your own way." Although I hate to admit it, I agree with him. I would like to say that success is equated with a six-figure income, a chateau in France, or even Dan Quayle, but I honestly can't. After all, if you can't spend your life doing as you wish, why do you bother setting your alarm at night?

It is with one particular senior in mind that I say to every graduate that the talent is obvious, the dream alive, and the possibilities endless. I wish her and every '89er the best of luck in the future. And should I see anyone's hair blowing in the wind, I'll know she made the right decision...



Class of '89



# PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Patty Lopez-- You're a super teacher and a great friend. Take care and good luck in all you do! Love, Carla Camacho

Susan-- From freshmen to seniors we made it through the best and the worst. Thanks for the barf cleaner, your labor pains to the phone criminal, the shaving cream fight, and being the accomplice to the great underwear crime. Thanks for the mammaries. Love, Laurel

Michele K.-- Thanks for your constant love and support. Congrats on graduating: special friends like you deserve the best! Love, Tanya

Mary-Canary-- When life gives you troubles, just remember this: never answer the phone without inspecting the receiver. The Life in Hell Bunny strikes again Ha Ha Ha...

Jo Bartolotti-- All my love! "I'm as free as a bird and this bird will never change!" Love, Jen

Wai, Patty, Emma, Jennifer, and Addie-- Thanks for all the good times! Good luck to you all! Love, Rosa

Monica-- If you want to know the answer to an important question, just dance around a candle to classical music... Oh I Uh Oh Uh I Oh I love you... Lulu.

Laurel-- Thanks for the happy memories that we were able to create within our years at the Mount. Love, Rosa

Paly-- You corrupted me! T.Y. Aries and HS are a girl's BEST friend. I like the sprite in you!! Pali

KESTER, You molester! Happy Grad! When life gets bad, don't get mad, be glad, call your dad, tell him you're sad, and remember, you're RAD! The Ladies!

BLANCHE! You are the honorary senior! When you're out there in the real world, remember, watch where the coyotes go, and never eat the yellow snow... J.K.

Underwood-- Who's the new guy with the small... uh... gosh, can I say it in a Catholic newspaper? METZ

Leleka-- How's that old Kenyan ritual coming along? Brady 311

Miss-- Best of luck in everything. Glad we were all able to get together

for one last "forum" before graduation!! Hey-- did you pick out your china pattern yet? Lots of love, Susan.

Mary Schaner-- Take good care of my room next year. You have to learn to stop setting off alarms to attract the firemen... Next time you see Michael, give him my love. L-Alice.

LAM-- We had joy, we had fun, we had a "View" that almost didn't get done... I will remember with great fondness the stench that invaded my nostrils going down the 405, Erich Izdepski farting on the beach, and your sheets that danced around the room by themselves. To my one and only roomie... Love, Susan

Susan and Laurel are two wacky chicks, and skillfully writing they pull off some tricks, they're incredibly clever, and boring they're never. Good luck and good-bye-- now go find a guy!

P.C.(midwife extraordinaire)--I just couldn't resist taking this one last opportunity to thank you for pledging your birthing services...I hear that sesame oil works really well! Best of everything...SEU

Ana Banana-- Congratulations! But does this mean I can't have a ride anymore? Have a blast and keep in touch. Love always-- Little Fi.

Betti Boop-- You stud! I love the way you bribe Mexican officials. You'll be my hero forever, even if you succumb to your lust. Love Susan

Hey Dani-- If a man moves his arm this way, does it mean he hates his mother? Thanks for always being there! Love you-- even if you go to Spain to start a bilingual pornographic phone service. Love and kisses, Susan. P.S. #14 has beautiful arms.

To Susan and Daniela-- Good luck in the future and for the sake of other women, please do not castrate all men with your radical political actions. Peggy.

Rosa-- That cute little pig from Animal Farm. I love you like a sister. See you for that wedding, miha. Has Ralph bought my parasol yet? L.M.

To Anna Devain, Jessica, and the Perfume Girl-- May God be with you and see you through the good and bad times. Distances will not end our friendship because the memories I have are forever. Love, Whitney.

# NEW EDITOR FOR THE VIEW 1989-1990

BY:  
Laurel Metzner  
Allison Turner

The View was not off to what you would call a raging start at the beginning of the school year. I had been slapped with this strange position entitled "Managing Editor" and I wasn't quite sure what to do with it. Last year's View staff virtually seemed to disintegrate, and the View staff of 88-89 was left to be the pioneers of M.S.M.C.'s media prairie. Luckily, the View was blessed with many creative artists and writers and the unparalleled advisement of Karen Wolman, a first year professor at the Mount. After a lag that lasted for two months, the View staff pumped out its first issue in November, 1988. It was

far from perfect. But as the staff began to build a solid system, each issue after that looked better and better.

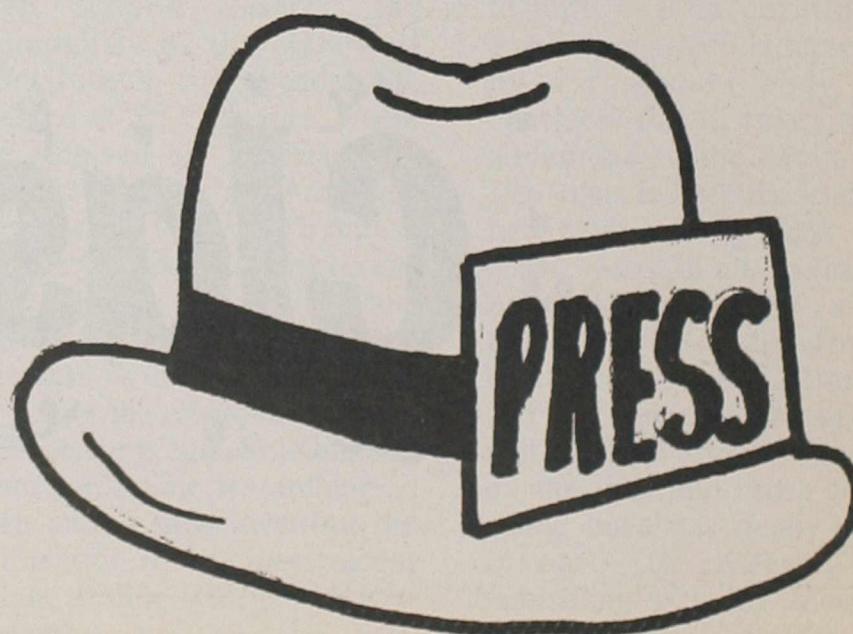
Putting out a newspaper is a lot of work, and I couldn't handle all of the editing by myself. Therefore, Susan Underwood, a senior English major (and also my roommate freshman year), was coerced into becoming an integral part of the View staff. And fortunately I encountered an extremely talented Arizona native like myself at the beginning of the school year. Allison Turner was editor of Arcadia High School in Phoenix, and lo and behold was granted the highly coveted position which I am now vacating.

Next year, the View staff hopes to do just as good a job as it did this year. They hope to expand their staff so that even more ideas and insights can be utilized to make the newspaper the best it can be. Although they hope to make a few minor improvements in the output of the paper, it is not their desire to make drastic changes, but rather build on what they already have.

Currently, the View staff is looking into obtaining a computer next year. By doing so, the paper would have an even better chance of running smoothly, and more people would be able to get involved in various aspects of the paper.

There has been such positive response to the many changes this year, that the View staff of 89-90 hopes to uphold this tradition.

The editors of the View have done such a good job that this only goes to show that Arizona truly is the hottest state.





# BROKEN PROMISES

By: Irma Meza

As energy companies have predicted since 1977, their worst fears came true in a devastating twist of fate. In the pre-dawn hours of Good Friday, the Exxon Valdez, a 987 foot tanker carrying eleven million gallons of oil, plowed into the rocky reef off Valdez, Alaska.

Two weeks after the collision, the tanker had spilled 240,000 barrels (42 gallons per barrel) of oil, one-fifth of its total cargo, into the once unblemished waters of Alaska's Prince William Sound.

Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, formed by the seven firms that pump crude oil from the North slope in Prudhoe Bay, had presumptuously predicted that a spill of this magnitude was "highly unlikely." A company news release cited the "absence of substantial navigation hazards along the tanker route and the expertise of seamen who would be commanding the ships" (Newsweek, April 10, 1989). Just in case a freak accident did occur, equipment was to be available at all times, since the first tanker's voyage through the ten mile wide channel in 1977.

At the time of the crash, booms used to physically contain or absorb oil were available, but 7,000 feet of them had been unloaded from a barge in port. (The vessel was waiting on body repair, though it was still seaworthy.) The firm's own guidelines for dispersant use, said Alaskan officials, require 500,000 gallons to fight a spill of that size; on the day of the wreck Exxon had less than 4,000 gallons on hand. Six days later, it had only a grim amount of 110,000.

According to a port pilot on board at the time of the collision, there was alcohol on the breath of the Exxon Valdez' Skipper, as the tanker left the harbor. At the time of the crash, the ship was being

piloted by a third mate not certified to navigate in Prince William Sound.

Why was a man who had been convicted of drunk driving (on shore) twice in the past five years allowed to navigate a ship at all? Granted, two convictions were on land, but ships require a sober state of mind as well as a capable Skipper. Captain Joseph Hazelwood was legally drunk ten and a half hours after the crash.

A similar accident occurred off of France's Brittany coast when a tanker ruptured in 1978 carrying 68 million gallons of oil, and it is only now getting back to normal. In order for Exxon to make such unrealistic promises, it must advance the hands of time 100 or so years. Meanwhile, the oil spill threatens to decimate this year's 100 million dollar seafood harvest. All of this is creating an enormous hole in Alaska's ecological system.

I fail to understand why there was an inept third mate navigating the ship when an expert seaman had been promised, why there wasn't enough clean-up equipment to contain the spill in time when it too had been promised, and why permission for the use of dispersant from the Coast Guard at the site, was delayed for three days. Even when permission was obtained they were not used until the fifth day, when all that remained was sludge which doesn't yield very easily to dispersant!

And now, Exxon promises to have crews rake beaches, blast the sludge off rocks using high-pressure hoses, use skimmers to clean off the water, have workers scrub splotches with rags, and to leave Prince William Sound the way they found it.

Who knows? Maybe they will clean off the dead sea otters, birds, whales, seals, walruses, and herring and bring them back to life and put them back as well.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I read with great interest your profile on Leleka Doonquah (March 1989) and commend her achievements and wish her every success.

The article reflects, however, an unfortunately common social attitude towards the nursing profession versus medicine. The implication is that medicine requires greater academic and intellectual ability. Therefore, "smarter" persons become doctors and others become nurses. Actually, both are academically rigorous. Both deal with life and death decisions. It is the nurse that is typically closer to the patient on a day to day basis and who takes action and/or notifies the doctor when specialized attention is required. The nurse is an integral part of the medical team which provides patient care.

But more importantly, nursing requires a knowledge base that is "different" than medicine, although complementary and in some areas overlapping. Nursing and medicine are NOT on a continuum with nursing at the lower end of the spectrum and medicine at the higher end.

There is currently a serious nursing shortage in the U.S. Approximately eleven percent of budgeted nursing positions are unfilled in California alone. There is little hope that this will change in the immediate future as enrollments in all types of nursing education programs, including Mount St. Mary's, plummet. This is a major social problem, although it impacts most people only when they or a loved one are ill and require nursing care.

While the attitude in the article is not the only cause of the nursing shortage, it is a contributing factor. The reality is that nurses choose nursing because they want to be nurses, not because of a lack of academic fitness.

Mary Sloper, R.N., M.N., M.B.A.  
Assistant Professor of Nursing

### EDITOR'S NOTE:

The purpose of this newspaper is to provide a forum for student opinion; to provide an opportunity for students to learn and refine writing, organization, and group skills; to build a sense of community among students and faculty; to provide information of interest to the Mount community, and to stimulate new ideas and generate dialogue on pertinent topics.

### The View Staff

Laurel Metzner....Managing Editor	Karen Wolman.....Faculty Advisor
Jessie Chu.....Photographer	Jennifer Marano.....Cartoonist
Allison Turner.....Layout Editor	Susan Underwood.....Assistant Editor

Reporters: Maria Avila, Yvette Castro, Chris Kaighan, Laura Leingang, Jasna Meyer, Irma Meza, Adriana Quintero, Monica Quintero, Alicia Saldana, Allison Turner, Brenda Zozaya

The View welcomes viewpoints on school related or published material. Readers may express their opinions through personally signed letters. Signed letters and editorials present personal opinions and do not necessarily represent the views of the staff. Unsigned editorials express the opinions of the editorial board.

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# 1988 - 1989 IN REVIEW

